

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1846.

THE GOTHIC CHAPEL.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

(See Plate.)

A GOTHIC chapel! How crowded with memorials of the men of other days, with hints of their manners, and with evidences of the sort of christian faith which were held by those whose idea of polemics is thus given, by one whom Walter Scott quotes as great authority: "If an infidel impugn the doctrines of the christian faith before a *churchman*, he should reply to him by arguments; but a *knight* should render no other reason to the infidel than six inches of his falchion in his accursed body!"

Along the walls are shields commemorating the empty, war-won honors of those whose ashes rest beneath; and the clustered columns are clothed in armor, trophies, it may be, of the successes of the lords of the castle; or perhaps the suits which, with prayer, and vigil, and penance, were first buckled on in this very chapel. The ready accommodation of human wisdom, in the effort to guide and consecrate the violence which it could not suppress and dared not execrate, produced, in the chivalric ages, some strange anomalies. Of the spirit of the early European warrior-christians, something may be judged from the well known anecdote of Clovis, the Frank. It is related of him, that, being present in a church where the crucifixion was the theme of the homily, so much was he moved by the description of the indignities and cruelties inflicted upon the Son of Man, that he caught up his battle-axe, and cried, in a loud voice: "If I and my valiant Franks had been there, this should not have happened!"

The conversion of the Northern tribes, after they had subverted the Roman empire, brought forward a set of champions for the christian religion, whose feelings were so identical with those of Clovis, as above related, that the early German prelates found

it inexpedient to trust such "babes" with the strong meat; contained in the early history of the Jews, and the stirring songs of God's chosen people. But such temporising counsels could not always prevail; nor could the martial gothic spirit be quenched. The union of valor and rude piety systematized and perfected, though it did not create chivalry. Blending sacerdotal pomp with martial ceremony, consecrated the arms of the knight to the service of christianity. This was, indeed, a wide departure from the spirit of the Founder—a strange commentary upon the doctrines of the Prince of Peace. But we are not too strictly to measure one age by the light of another, and, at a time when arms were the great pursuit, who shall doubt that the Disposer of Events suffered, what seems to us, in these peaceful days, an unhallowed union, to perpetuate the faith upon earth; and allowed the rites of religion to be mingled with the ambitious and rude pursuits of a people, who might else have preserved no recognition of the rights of religion at all?

Among all the relics which are left to the present age of the customs and character of the past, none are more strangely interesting than the suits of armor, the mere burthen of which would appear to us, in these physically degenerate days, sufficient labor for the wearer, without the rude encounter of an enemy in addition. As connected with our subject, a brief notice of the ceremony of investiture may not be out of place. The more usual custom was to confer the honor of knighthood on the brave, upon the field, either on the eve of a battle, or at its close, when the worthy soldier had, by his courageous bearing, earned a title to the distinction, or, in knightly phrase, "won his spurs." But the full

ritual of the institution of a knight could only be observed in a church; and here it may be noticed, in passing, that the rules of christian chivalry recognized, in the knight, esquire, and page, a parallel to the three orders in the church—bishops, priests, and deacons. The ceremony of investiture was attended with most ingenious and laborious parallels between martial and christian duties—the temporal and spiritual state of warfare; often beautiful, oftener wearisome. We may reasonably suppose, however, that though the spirit of the rule of conduct, quoted in our opening, was carefully breathed through the whole ceremony, it was hardly delivered in terms so blunt and precise as there laid down.

The chevalier watched his arms all night in a church or chapel, and prepared, by fast and vigil, for the solemn ceremony of the following day. In imitation of the initiatory rite of christianity, the purification of the bath was required, and he was attired in a white robe, like the catechumens in the early church. He had knightly godfathers, correspondent to his sponsors in baptism, who became his security for his performance of his military vows; and, in a word, the whole ceremony was made, as much as possible, a shadow of the forms of the church.

Accoutred in knightly armor, all except helmet, sword and spurs, attended by his godfathers, and with all the circumstances of pomp which the occasion admitted, the novice was conducted to the altar, where, after high mass was said, he received the accolade, or blow significant of his initiation, from his sovereign, or the nobleman who presided. The priest, or bishop, if one were present, then took his consecrated sword from the altar, where it had previously been deposited, and buckled it upon the knight; ladies of high rank contended for the honor of fastening on his spurs, and the knightly oath was then administered, binding the chevalier to fidelity to God, the king, and the ladies. Such are the memories which cling to that old piece of iron upon the column; such the scenes which more than once may have been witnessed in this ancient chapel. In what amusing contrast with the things we have described, is the case of the fat modern burgher, who, having, upon his knees, delivered an address of a corporation to the British Queen, congratulating her majesty, and treating the universe to a jubilation, on the fact that the tenth royal scion (more or less) has cut an eye tooth, is graciously bidden: "Arise, Sir Something Somebody!"

Another feature of the ancient church or chapel, is its symbolic and decorative painting; often rude, and puzzling the modern spectator to discover what the labor of the artist was designed to convey. Familiar with scripture history and subjects, we are too apt to condemn these efforts of monkish zeal as mere superstition. But here again we must be careful lest we judge one generation by the light and knowledge of another. These rude delineations were, originally, the "picture writings" of worshippers who had no other bibles, and from whom the book of books, even after it was printed in their vernacular, was withheld by its high price and their extreme ignorance. And to the paintings in churches and cathedrals, and the stained windows, the credit is due of the suggestion of the first attempt to convey

an idea of the contents of the bible to the poor and illiterate. Among the best specimens of this method of pictorial instruction, are the finely executed windows of King's College, Cambridge. In the upper division of each window is painted a piece of scripture history, from the Old Testament, and, in the lower division, a parallel passage, from the New.

Even after the invention of paper, which reduced the cost of books, the price was still too high for the poor and middling classes. But the invention of playing cards supplied a hint for furnishing a sort of "books for the people," or "block books." The pictures and legends, from church windows and altar pieces, were engraved on wood and printed upon paper, with versicles of scripture engraved at the side, or as proceeding out of the mouths of the figures. From these beginnings "block books" were multiplied and improved, until the greatest advance which the art reached was attained in the *Biblia Pauperum*, or Bible of the Poor, which contained forty plates, with extracts from the Bible and sentences explanatory of the figures depicted upon them. Many editions of this work were printed in the early part of the fifteenth century; and the best evidence of the usefulness and popularity of the *Biblia Pauperum*, is that it was so well worn in the service that few copies remain complete, and those few bear the marks of much pious and studious handling.

The central compartment of the fortieth page, or block, of the *Biblia Pauperum*, represents the Redeemer crowning one of the elect spirits. David and Isaiah, Hosea and Ezekiel, St. John and the Angel, and the Daughter of Zion and her spouse, are the other figures, all ingeniously pointed out by quotations from the vulgate, and forming, as a whole, a manual for the edification of the unlettered, which modern ingenuity could not exceed, however rude the work may seem even to a child of this generation. Let us be careful then with what judgment we judge the relics of the dark ages; or how we impugn the motives and characters of those whose works, in churches, legends, missals, pictures, and forms, conceived and executed in the twilight of the dawn, are now scrutinized in the full glare of the modern day of light and knowledge. Nor, on the other hand, should we permit blind reverence for antiquity, merely because it is antique, to bind us in slavish adherence to such "old things," as, for their manifest inutility, should be "done away."

The engraving to which we have several times, in the course of this paper, referred, has, for its principal subject, the description of the first reading in churches of the English Bible. We say *description*, for, so skilfully has the artist preserved and collected all the circumstances and accessories, that the graphic illustration leaves little for the pen, except to call attention to the points which the picture so well presents.

The time of the picture cannot be antecedent to 1540, when the churches were required, by the proclamation of Henry VIII. to be provided with a bible of the largest volume, under a penalty of forty shillings for every month during which they should remain without it. The chain which secures the book to the reading desk, marks the value which was

placed upon it; and in many old English churches the chain is still preserved as a memorial of the past. Subsequent law or custom secured, to whoever would improve it, the privilege of entering the church and reading for himself, at any time when it was not occupied by public services; a privilege which we, in these days of cheap and abundant printing, can have little power to estimate.

In earlier feudal times, the large number of retainers and dependants made the lord of the castle almost a monarch, in his own right, upon his own domain. The household included, among its many souls, its ghostly counsellors, and in all cases the show, and in many the reality, of daily prayers was preserved in the chapel. True to the requirements of historical fidelity, the period is indicated in the picture by the character of the audience assembled about the reader. The troop of armed and stalwart retainers has dwindled down to what might almost pass, the pages and a few peculiarities of costume excepted, for a modern family. All ages are there. The infant, whose tottering feebleness the mother seems still unwilling to trust, is guided by the maternal arm within the droppings of that bread from heaven, which falls as much, aye more, for the little child as for the bearded sage. The venerable figure in the back ground, marks that other extremity of life to which the word of God is, or should be, especially dear. To youth it offers instruction and guidance in the life before him; to the aged, consolation and recompense for the difficulties, and dangers, and disappointments of the weary pilgrimage he has passed. The women hear, in the lessons of holy writ, a better guard for their honor than the impracticable notions of chivalry. The manly listeners, who, unquestionably, still reverence the honors of knight-hood, and whose hearts, amid the associations of the gothic pile, thrill with the memories of well fought fields of their ancestors, listen with the gratification of men addressed in familiar terms, to the apostle's description of the spiritual harness, "the breast-plate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation."

Long before the time when the scriptures were ordered to be read in the mother tongue in churches,

the power of the nobility had been delegated to the peaceful but potent characters, stronger than spear-head or halbert, which were inscribed upon the MAGNA CHARTA. While this great instrument secured the rights of the governed, it gave them a community of strength, and a common point of defence, which rendered individual power less necessary to the subject. The wresting of this instrument from an imbecile monarch, was the crisis of feudal power in England; at once the highest exercise of its strength, and the commencement of its decay, for history points to Runnymede as the spot sacred to the victory of civilization over feudalism, won by the unwitting feudal barons themselves. And although not strictly pertinent to this subject, a series of events, somewhat analagous in their effects, may here be cited. As the barons stretched their power to the ruin of their order, so did Henry's tyranny sap the foundation of the royal prerogative. While he was drilling his creatures in parliament into a blind subserviency to a despot's will, he conferred, by the establishment of precedent, powers upon the representative estate, of which no succeeding tyrant, male or female, could deprive it. The nerve of his successors delayed the struggle only—but they delayed it until its violent termination closed the contest between king and parliament, by the death of the first Charles.

To the reading of the scriptures, public and private, in a tongue "understanded of the people," are we to ascribe more of our civil privileges than to any other cause. The love of freedom, the desire of improvement, the value and right of the individual, we owe to the lessons taught in the great fountain of all wisdom. Of priceless worth to all sorts and conditions of men, considered only in its temporal benefits, in the life that now is,—the tongues of angels, and of the just made perfect, fail to reach its praises in the influence which, under God, it possesses in the life which is to come. Here it is the beginning of wisdom and the anchor of Hope. There it will prove the end of all knowledge and the fruition of Faith. "The power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

HOME.

BY EDWIN HERIOT.

DEAR are the joys of childhood's home,
Sweet the domestic scene,
Where no temptations rudely come,
Nor dangers intervene.
Its pleasing, simple charms are lost
In dissipation's strife,
When man, estranged, is roughly tossed
On the ocean waves of Life.
The dark abodes of sin and vice
With luring pleasures blind,
But these are bought at the sacrifice
Of health and peace of mind.

The taunt, the sneer, the idle jest,
The world's tumultuous din,
Drown, with the doubts of the anxious breast,
The voice that speaks within.

Abroad, temptation spreads his nets,
Entrapping in its folds
The feet of hapless youth, and fast
Its victim firmly holds.

Home is the pure and sacred shrine
True blessings to impart,
Where virtue, love, and peace combine
To purify the heart.

And the broad ocean spread her heaving breast,—
Cover'd with foam and panting like a steed
But recent from the battle—to receive
And bear her onward to the destined shore.
And from the vast and gloomy wilderness,
A voice said "Come!" and dying hearts said "Come!"
And fainting souls! And o'er that forest land
Religion hover'd with a flutt'ring wing,
Half fearful, half triumphant; for the hearts
That braved oppression in their native land,
That left their homes—that left their father's graves—
That cross'd the toiling ocean and that tried
The dangers of the forest, could not yield
Their courage up entirely. They had placed
Their trust in Him, who never would forsake,
The God of their own worship!

So she came
Unto a stanger and a barren shore
Unfalteringly, with meek and placid brow.
And gentle voice, and ever prayerful heart,
Soothing the weary and afflicted ones
With words so kind and gentle,—lifting up
Her voice to heaven to hear her firmly on
Ev'n to the end.

Her task on earth was done,
Fully accomplished! and she bowed her head
And render'd back her spirit, to the hands
Of Him who gave it, pure as when it first
Was sent from its primeval home, to fill
A tenement of clay,—and do the will
Of the Most High!

Her task was done, and she
Died peacefully as those who die in Christ,
And full of hope to live with him again
Beyond the resurrection; and the hands
That ministered unto her dying head
Now bore her to her final resting place.

Moonlight lay on the forest like a shroud
Wrapping its huge trunks in a last embrace;
And the bright stars looked sweetly on the flow'rs
That woo'd their gentle light with open leaves
Full of deep language; and the fitful wind
Moan'd brokenly, and at short intervals
Amongst the lofty branches as it, too,
Sigh'd a last requiem o'er departed worth.
Slowly they came,
Slowly and heavily as those who bore
Their burden in deep sorrow: and they laid
Her where the moonlight shed its brightest beams,
And where the stars might look upon her grave
For ever. And they raised their voices high,
Then swell'd a solemn chant of strongest love,
And holy adoration and deep praise,
And meek thanksgiving and reliance strong,
Unto the Giver of all earthly good,
Until the forest in its depths was fill'd
With the high anthem.

"Oh, Mightiest! from thy throne
Look down upon thy mourning children here,
Who come to render back to thee thine own,
To yield a spirit that they held most dear.
Bend from thy throne, oh, Holiest! to receive
The offering we bring unto thee now!
Nothing more pure, more lovely could we give,
Nothing more precious had we to bestow!

Lord, take her, she is thine!

O twine

A living laurel round her fadeless brow!

13*

Earth, open wide thine arms,
Now fold in thine embrace the loveliest child
That ever sought thy bosom. From the storms
That quiver o'er thy breast in terrors wild,
Protect her well, for she was kind and meek,
And loved the simplest flowers that perfume shed
Upon the morning breeze,—and oft would seek
Their fragrant breath to ease her dying head.

Earth, take the gift we bring,

O fling

Thy sweetest flowers upon her lowly bed!

Ruler of Heaven and earth!

Dispenser of all good! to Thee we come,

To yield a spirit of celestial birth!

Receive her to Thy fold—her heavenly home!

She left a land of plenty for the cold

And sterile wilderness, where she could bow

In freedom to Thee,—and sweet converse hold,

Fearless of haughty words and frowning brow.

Lord, take her, she is Thine!

O twine

A living laurel round her fadeless brow!

From her ancestral hall,

From England's princely palaces and domes,

She heard the voice of her Redeemer call,

And, meek in faith, she left her father's tombs

To make her home in this vast wilderness—

To find a grave where love might never shed

Her tributary tear,—might never bless

Her patient suffering and her dying head.

Earth, take the gift we bring!

O fling

Thy choicest flowers upon her lowly bed!

From Thy eternal throne!

Almighty! look upon our mourning band,—

We miss from out our ranks the loveliest one,—

Deign to withdraw from us thy chast'ning hand;

And let thy pitying eye and patient love,

Upon our hearts in streams of mercy flow!

Oh, give us faith to meet with her above,

As to thy will submissively we bow!

Lord, take her, she is Thine!

O twine

A living laurel round her fadeless brow!

Dust, to thy earth return!

The temple thou didst form is desolate,—

Its dweller hath departed. Thou wast worn

With sorrow,—and no more could animate

Or form the soul within thee. She away

Hath sought her home in heaven, there to remain.

Soul! to the God who gave

Thee being without end,—whom thou didst find

Long suffering—strong—and infinite to save

The tott'ring step,—the broken heart to bind,—

Thou shalt return! Thou canst no longer stay—

Thy mission is accomplished—thou may'st on,

Free from the shackles of thy living clay;

For thy great Author hath reclaimed his own—

Soul! to thy God return

And learn

To dwell 'mid praises round the Eternal Throne!"

ENGLISH PORTRAITS.—NO. II.

THE VILLAGE CURATE.

By the Author of "Letters from the Midland Counties."

If it were left to our unbiased judgment, to decide what classes of men in the world are most useful in their day and generation, and confer the greatest benefits on their kind, perhaps our verdict would be in favor of men who are little known, whose names are never heard amid the noisy tumult of every-day life, and the louder challenges for our attention made by more clamorous aspirants to fame. Men who live unenvied and unenvying, secluded from the vortex of the world, unharassed by the cares that weary its fretful followers, and free from the disappointments attendant on unattainable desires, they tread their humble path of duty; and happiness as unalloyed, perhaps, as it is permitted to mortals, reigns over their tranquil lives. They "do good by stealth," but never "find it fame," and dispense, in silence, more actual blessings on the world, than the politician who passes a restless life in the advancement of his "party," or the amiable but short-sighted gentleman, who exhausts his energies, and barter his happiness, that he may heap together a fortune which he devotes to the charitable purpose of making his son either a fool, or a miser.

Among these unpretending classes must be placed the Curate of the purely agricultural districts of England. He is altogether distinct from town-made parsons, who pique themselves on their fashionable orthodoxy, and regard religion as an aristocratical institution, like law or politics, formed by heaven for the especial benefit of younger sons,—the delight and solacement of well-bred people,—and the blessings of which may (at a proper distance,) be extended to the lower orders, if purchased by a sufficiency of humility, obsequiousness, and church rates. Nor can the Curate whom I have in my eye be regarded as the exclusive type of his country fraternity, for of late years, since the profession of "the church" has become the fashion, and the refuge of those third and fourth sons of families aristocratically poor, who prove too dull for the army or the bar; numbers of noble scions are scattered through the country, condescending, for a season, to deal out the bread of spiritual life to their hungry flocks, and submitting, with impatience, to the irksome novitiate which must precede their promotion to a "living." "Patriotism," says Dr. Johnson, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel," and religion (that is state religion) has, in more cases than one which have come under my knowledge, afforded a profitable asylum to some high-born young men, who were far from meriting that epithet, or from possessing wit enough to fulfil the requirements of that character.

But he whom I would wish to describe, as the representative of a class by no means few in numbers,

is one whose active virtues and quiet usefulness, are almost sufficient to redeem the character of an institution, into whose bosom have crept many unworthy. One who is humble, amid the obsequious love of his parishioners, poor and unrepining amid wealth, charitable without ostentation, and firm without intolerance. Of such there are many whose cheerful piety and resigned contentment, throw a calming influence around, wherever their lot is cast.

He is generally the son of an old vicar, who at the age of forty, was fortunate enough to find himself in possession of a living worth £250 a year, and a wife and seven children, after having battled with poverty for fifteen years on a salary of sixty pounds per annum. After having met with such incredible luck as this, the good old soul thought he could not better advance the interests of his family, and the welfare of the world at large, than by "bringing up to the church," as many of his sons as his income and his influence would avail in assisting to "take the degrees."

The influence of his bishop and of his patron, procured two of his sons admission to Oxford, and the worthy vicar resolved to educate his other two boys to some useful trade; but *our* Curate was unfortunate enough, in his early years, to discover symptoms of precocious orthodoxy, and juvenile talent, and therefore his excellent parent resolved that his light should not be hid under a bushel, nor the world be deprived of the advantages of his wonderful endowments. With this view he limited his domestic expenditure to provide for the boy's education, never thinking, in the fulness of his paternal love, that he was subjecting his son to the ordeal of misery, humiliation and poverty, to which the aforesaid treacherous "talent," almost invariably condemns its victim. At length, with much ado, our friend was sent to college, where he prosecuted his studies with assiduity, enlivening their monotony, at intervals, by performing sundry menial services for his fellow students of the richer class, and taking lasting lessons in the virtues of humility and endurance, by practising meekness under insult, and walking slipshod through mud and snow.

We will not follow him, minutely, through his younger years, and we will imagine the joy of his heart and the pride of his parents when he was ordained. We can also easily conceive the alternations of hope, anxiety, and despair, that chequered the three or four years that passed before he obtained an appointment.

But fortitude and perseverance are never unrewarded, (so say the learned—if they are wealthy,) and at length he was chosen to perform the vicarial duties in the parish in which he spends the rest of his days. The revenues are about six hundred a year,

out of which sum the incumbent generously offered him fifty yearly, to undertake the cure of souls committed to his (the Vicar's care); it being impossible for the Vicar himself to attend to their spiritual welfare, inasmuch as he had another living in a distant part of the country, consisting of more fashionable and aristocratic souls.

If any reader fancies that this sum was inadequate as remuneration, he must be entirely mistaken; for our friend (who ought to be the best judge,) received the appointment with unbounded gratitude, and looked upon the "compensation" as most munificent. As he had been for some time trespassing upon the narrow income of his parents for a living, he regarded it as a special interposition of Providence in his favor. His parents were of the same mind,—they hailed it as the dawn of the future greatness they predicted for him, and with tears of thankfulness they pressed his hand, and gave him their blessing, as he left their roof to seek the scene of his future usefulness.

The parish, whose spiritual interests he was promoted to superintend, though yielding a large income in the way of tithes, dues, &c. possessed but a very small church; an old tumble down edifice of one story in height, and capable of holding some five hundred people, it was shadowed by yews and chesnut trees,—propped up by massy buttresses, and protected from the cruelty of hard weather, by thick ivy which religiously clung to every portion of it. It stood in the centre of a small grave yard, strewn with irregular mounds, and covered with daisies, among which the lark built her nest. It was crumbling to ruin, and for the last three hundred years had been fast asleep for six days in the week, just arousing itself when its monitor bell struck the time for Sunday, or some fresh dead arrived to repose under its shadow. A solemn old church that had outlived its generation and seemed longing for dissolution; its old long gothic windows were blind with ivy, its walls were cracked, its doors were worm-eaten, and nothing but a religious horror of suicide, prevented its falling down and dashing itself to pieces.

His parish was situated about ten miles from the nearest town, which was only called a town by courtesy, being little more than an overgrown village. His parishioners consisted of a few country gentlemen of the fifth class, about thirty farmers, with laborers and village mechanics *ad libitum*. The duties of his office—those at least which he was *compelled* to perform were to preach two sermons on Sunday, to bury the dead, to baptise the newly born, and to marry the weak minded; who aspired to the honors of wedlock and poverty. Among such unsophisticated people life may be presumed to pass dull enough, yet among them he found both happiness and occupation.

He took a small "parlour" in a neat cottage, belonging to the proprietor of the windmill, which, from immemorial time, had ground the wheat of the parish. The miller, in virtue of his occupation, and the fact of his renting twelve acres of land, which had been held by his father, and great great grandfather, was looked upon as holding a stage in society above the poor people, and the blacksmith, yet considerably lower in grade than an established farmer. The only occupants of the house, besides our Curate, were the miller and his old wife, (who spent her days in alternately

knitting, cooking, and reading an old Bible two feet square,) one or two toothless terriers of the genus "rat catcher," and a variety of cats. He had, to commence the world, a valuable library of three dozen volumes, which he could repeat verbatim, an assortment of sermons, marked "good," "bad," and "doubtful," a light heart, an easy conscience, and as much hope as any ingenious youth who tempts fortune in a lottery.

Great curiosity was excited among these humble rustics, and great anxiety was, doubtless, experienced by himself, on the occasion of his first sermon. He had often preached before in his father's pulpit, and in those of the neighboring clergy, and had been complimented upon his talent; he therefore felt the less diffidence in making his "first appearance." The church was crowded by his parishioners, anxious both to see and hear him. The farmers went with a critical determination to grumble at all hazards; their wives accompanied them, candidly resolved to give him fair play; and their daughters went in their grandest dresses, to satisfy themselves on the question of his personal appearance, and desperately bent on winning his heart. When the prayers were finished, the old clerk took off his spectacles and laid them upon the heavy clasped book before him, that he might judge of the Curate's homily with more accuracy, and a kind of telegraphic correspondence was maintained between himself and the schoolmaster, by looks and nods, and shakes of the head, when any passage of the sermon elicited their approval, or seemed of doubtful excellence. When the service was concluded, groups of the old laborers, with their wives, collected in the churchyard, sitting upon the graves and discussing the merits of their new pastor. These had great doubts of his capability, he was too young for their taste, and they solemnly shook their heads in stolid disappointment. True, they could not recollect any equivocal passages in the sermon to justify their disapproval, for the greater part of them had slept, most religiously, during the whole of the time; but they had learned that he was poor, and nothing in the eyes of these people is so great a crime as poverty in those a little above them. The farmers, upon the whole, were not much better pleased, but as the ladies, old and young, were all in raptures, they forbore to commit themselves by expressing any opinion.

The next day he made several visits among his flock, and as the simplicity and modesty of his nature unwittingly conceded to his richer parishioners a tacit acknowledgment of their superiority, he won golden opinions from all of them; thus gaining, by an unconscious truckling to their vanity, the countenance which would have been withheld from an appeal to their judgment. His amiable deportment conciliated all, and when, on that evening, they met, to smoke their pipes and drink their ale, in solemn conclave at the village tavern, all doubts concerning the curate's capacities were for ever put at rest, by a church-warden (who was the richest man in the village) declaring that he was "one of the right sort." The schoolmaster and clerk, who had both repaired to the mighty convention resolved to find fault, were considerably disappointed at this avowal, but were not rash enough to question its propriety; so the one merely raising an objection to some faults he had

discovered "in his grammar," and the other hinting that his method of reading the prayers was "terrible slow," they submitted to the public opinion, and expressed themselves delighted with the new parson.

"The people," when once informed of the proper manner of thinking and speaking on the subject, as usual, soon boldly expressed their opinions, and in a week or two the Curate was immensely popular with all classes in the parish. He improved his success by repeated visits at their cottages; he listened, patiently, to the garrulity of age, and could find pleasure in the prattling of children; he was unwearied in his attention to the sick, courteous to the poorest, and could be jocular with lovers. He impressed upon them the necessity of educating their children, and, although he devoted much of his time to assisting the schoolmaster, yet, by a deference to the opinions of that worthy, in small matters, he allayed his jealousy, and won his consent to alterations in his system of education, of greater importance.

Thus five years of his life passed happily; though poor, his slender income sufficed for all his wants. He thanked heaven for the present, and looked calmly towards the future with unassuming hope. But a change was destined to come over his life; the sweet contentment of his existence was doomed to be dissipated. Our Curate fell in love. I regret to say that neither his poverty, nor his experience of the world, could deter him from committing such egregious folly. We have the authority of Byron for saying that love, in general, is a "fearful thing," but how would the amateur misanthrope have described the ridiculous passion of a penniless curate for the daughter of a rich country gentleman? Such unparalleled audacity deserves the unqualified condemnation of all right thinking men of property throughout the world. The lady, being heiress to a handsome fortune, did not so far forget her duty as to return his passion, but, on the other hand, treated it with the contempt it so richly merited. Her father, in just anger, forbade him, in future, to visit his house, while he himself piously refrained from entering his church.

Such shocking conduct on the part of our friend could not fail to entail punishment. The monied gentry, who had daughters, became alarmed, and their amiable wives took umbrage at his rash affection for one of their privileged order. They soon discovered that falling in love was not his only crime, but, in addition to this, he indulged in the most villainous poverty, and was, moreover, guilty of not having any remote prospect of advancement in the church. Affairs began to assume a dark aspect towards the Curate; but his misfortunes were somewhat alleviated by the affection of the poorer farmers, and the laborers, which increased in proportion as he became unpopular with the higher classes.

This was a sad blow for the poor Curate; the charm of his life was broken—the reality of things—the misery of the present and the darkness of the future burst upon him in their true colors, and his soul was heavy within him. In the meekness of his spirit he forgave his persecutors, and, at first, had serious doubts whether their ill-nature was not a just punishment for his wickedness and overweening pre-

sumption. But the image of his unattainable idol haunted him for ever, and though he murmured not, but sighed and bent to the blow, the current of his life was changed, and the joyous hopefulness of his youth had departed for aye. How dreary now appeared his small room in the old mill-house, as he sat for hours brooding in silent sorrow over his blighted prospects, and how insufferable were the frequent visits of the "dame," who, with officious kindness, intruded on his solitude, seeking to dispel his dark thoughts with snatches of country gossip. How heart-scathing to perform his Sabbath services, and see *her* pew empty.

He got over all this dismal folly at last; for man is an elastic animal that requires a great deal of killing before he dies, and hearts are seldom broken except on paper. He got over it, but he was an altered man, his wonted smile forsook him, and when he began, calmly, to look into the rights of the matter, he exhibited many symptoms of petulance in spite of his meek nature; for even parsons are not angels, that they can bear unmerited persecution without feeling it. He attained to that state of stolid indifference to worldly affairs which very wise men sometimes call philosophy. True he never neglected his pastoral duties, nor did his faith in heaven's goodness and justice ever falter, though, a thousand times, he taxed himself with doubts and sinfulness; but he had been hardly dealt with, and bore his fate without repining, which, with the world, passed for content. Many a day, from morn till even night, might he be found sitting on the banks of the Trent, with his angling rod lying at his side, and an impatient perch struggling for half an hour upon the hook of his fishing line, without attracting his attention, till his playful terrier desisted from his sport of hunting butterflies, and disturbed his reverie.

So passed his days, until his fortieth year, without any increase of salary. By this time his zeal in his holy calling was cooled; though he ceased from his gratuitous labors in the village school, still he relaxed not in his visits; and to make daily rounds among the cottages of the poor had become part of his nature. By the smaller farmers he was beloved more than ever, and voluntary subscriptions among themselves, to purchase a new suit of black, when his coat was getting too threadbare, testified their regard; at Christmas, too, he was overwhelmed with mince pies, and pies of all kinds that belong to that pie-eating season. The poorer classes vied with each other in knitting stockings for his acceptance; and even the Scotch pedlar, who visited that remote part once a month, when he called to smoke a pipe with him in his snug parlor, frequently left a pair of gloves, or a piece of shirt linen with the miller's wife as he took his leave.

On one occasion when the good vicar had gone down to preach his annual Christmas sermon, and receive his tithes, that excellent man actually advanced the Curate's salary twenty pounds a year. It was all the promotion he was ever likely to attain; he thanked the vicar for his munificence, for although with the frugal habits he had contracted it was of little service to him, yet it would enable him to relieve many of his poor brethren in poverty and sickness. Having passed the rubicon of years with-

out a wife to solace him, he very naturally adopted a pipe as a substitute. The smoking part of his parishioners thanked fortune for this, as it gave a zest to his visits, and on the high mantel in every house was kept a clay instrument a yard long, called the "parson's pipe," which was sacred to his use.

At last the vicar died, and an amiable young aristocrat succeeded to the living. Our friend had occasionally indulged in dim dreams of obtaining the succession, but he could hardly be said to hope for it, so that he felt little disappointed at the event. The new vicar charitably added to his salary ten pounds a year, and left the care of his flock entirely in his hands.

In harvest time the Curate delighted to be in the fields, watching the reapers, or sitting on a heap of new-mown hay, with his dog at his side, chatting with the lazy farmer. He has kind inquiries to make from every one he meets in the lanes, the secrets of every family are known to him, and all their little differences are left to his adjustment. In the winter an arm-chair is kept at every fireside for the parson, and never was any man so well beloved as he.

It is a pleasant sight to see him sometimes on a fine summer's day, seated on a rustic bench under a porch covered with honeysuckles, outside the village tavern, whither he has repaired to meet the Scotch

pedlar aforesaid. It is, doubtless, a wicked thing for an aged clergyman to be smoking and drinking ale at a tavern, but of all taverns that was the most immaculate, and the most rigid person would forgive him the hour of happiness he passed there, and be forced to join him in spite of himself.

It is a great day at the small tavern when the Curate visits it, for the pedlar and a witty Irish exciseman are sure to be there upon that day. The landlady, in her finest cap, sits at a little distance, with her knitting in her hand, to enjoy the conversation; her daughters bring out their sewing to join her, and the Curate insists upon one—who is his favorite—sitting at his side, while the landlord leaves his work to mix with them. The two strangers love the Curate well, and the merry Irishman cracks his greatest jokes to amuse him, while the solemn humor of the pedlar wins him from care to enjoy an hour of unalloyed happiness. The Curate can drink but one glass of ale, and none ever press him to take more.

After he has buried half the parish it devolves upon the parish to bury him, and a rude grave, with a headstone recording the worth of the Rev. — "who was for sixty years Curate of this parish," marks the spot where he lies, and the villagers sigh as they point it out, and wonder where they will find another like him.

TO MIRIAM.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

I MET thee when the starry land of song
Before me in the enchanted distance shone;
When days were golden, summers light and long,
And my glad spirit in its dream had grown
Familiar with each old memorial tone
Rung by the harpers of a world unseen,
Who walk no more in mortal twilight lone,
But stand immortal, in a clime serene,
With garlands on their heads all beautiful and green.

It was a meeting deemed of hope and joy—
It was a meeting fraught with anguish sore—
It was a meeting fated to destroy
My spirit's sunniest dream for evermore
I grieve not now that time will soon be o'er—

That earthly life flies like an evening breath—
Its better days I shall not long deplore:
A rest is for the weary found beneath
The starless night that lies along the waves of death.
I see thee in the still and lonely night—
I greet thee in my wild and feverish dreams—
I bear thee to a region calm and bright,
Where the sweet music of the murmuring streams,
That shimmering wind away through golden beams,
And caroling voices prelude round us pour
Of joy that in the infinite future gleams,
When I shall meet thee on a happier shore,
And sound of parting words be heard and feared no more.

FANNY'S ERROR.

FANNY shuts her smiling eyes,
Then, because she cannot see,
Thoughtless simpleton! she cries,
"Ah! you can't see me!"

Fanny's like the sinner vain,
Who with spirit shut and dim,
Thinks because he sees not Heaven,
Heaven cannot see him.

SELECTED

SKETCHES WITH PEN AND PENCIL.—NO. II.

A JOURNEY TO THE SOUTHWEST.

To one accustomed to the "low pressure" steam-boats, common to the waters east of the Alleghanies, the "high pressure" boats of the Ohio, and Mississippi, present a strange and formidable appearance. Strange, from the peculiar arrangement of machinery, and from the cabins being upon the upper deck; and formidable, from the increased danger incidental to the mode of construction. And when we call to mind the wild tales, many of them, unfortunately, but too true, of reckless captains, carrying on steam to the destruction of hundreds of lives, in the fierce excitement of racing with rival boats, independent of the natural perils of those waters, from "snags," and "sawyers," it is no wonder the novice in western navigation enters his berth for the first time with some trepidation. For myself I frankly confess to having felt qualmish. These fears, however, soon wear off. The novelty of the scenery, the strange faces, the noble cheer, and the exuberant gaiety that everywhere surround one, soon efface all disagreeable impressions; and, in a few hours, having once "grasped the nettle, danger," you either apprehend no ill in the future, or are ashamed to avow it. Our company consisted of about one hundred persons, who, coming from various parts of the republic, were here conveyed to a focus and formed a tolerably fair representation of the national peculiarities. Here was the tall Kentuckian, only differing from the Virginian by his side, as plants are changed by removal to a more vigorous soil. Here was the swarthy keen-eyed Creole of Louisiana, small of stature, but all quickness and fire—a fresh looking face near the latter, and a person indicating rather more style as to externals, bore evident tokens of hailing from Gotham. The eternal white blanket coat, with black stripes round the skirts, and over the shoulders, which you see shifting restlessly hither and thither through the crowd—never quiet for an instant, from the time the servants sweep the cabin in the morning until the last card player has turned in at night,—that eternal blanket coat, my friend, covers the spare, wiry, muscular person of an "Arkansawyer," as he is pleased to designate himself. How he came so far out of his latitude was a puzzle to every one. Planters from Yazoo were there; merchants from Tennessee; and cotton brokers from Carolina; but the notabilities were two live Yankees—veritable live Yankees. One of these, the happy possessor of some new notions where-with he "calculated" making his fortune in the south, was the best specimen of the genus Yankee I have ever met with, nothing escaped his vigilant eye, and but little was said that did not meet his ear. A careless kind of impudence constantly saved him from the punishment generally awarded to eavesdroppers, while his inquisitiveness, never caring for a rebuff, gave him, little by little, whatever information he desired. At one time he was below, examining the

machinery, speculating upon its uses, and hardly suggesting improvements to the astonished engineer. Now you would see him emerge from the little smith's shop where he had been discussing a new and superior method of welding iron. Now he busied himself in diligently deciphering the marks upon the various bales, boxes, crates, and packages; the names of the apparent owners, and their destination. And a little while after, he was in close conversation with one of the "off" firemen, talking very learnedly of the properties of various woods, and coals, and instituting comparisons as to the amount of caloric given out by each.

Presently you would see him holding on to his cap,—(it was blowing hard at the time we speak of—) by the wheel house on the hurricane deck, entertaining the captain with a description of the new Loper propeller, and the essential differences between the latter, and that invented by Ericson. Half an hour afterwards he was worming out of the clerk the cost of the boat, its expenses and its average annual receipts, and lastly—*what the clerk got himself*.

Never was a man more indefatigable; and his desire for information seemed to increase from what it fed on. No curt replies ruffled his temper, or abated one jot the ardour of his pursuit. Was a close conversation held between passengers in the cabin, or on the deck, presently his sharp face and restless eyes were thrust between them, and after listening for a few moments he would be sure to break in with—"I want to know," or "I guess this, or that;" or "dew tell." And then, too, he had such a marvellous tales of Silas, or Seth, or Jonas; of what they said, and what they did, intermixed so plentifully with "says I," and "says he," that it became at length a real treat to listen.

The other Yankee was a verdant youth of about nineteen years—tall and spindling—had never traveled from home before, except, from Connecticut to New York, about six month's previous; where, looking out for a situation, he chanced to meet with a Mr. Somebody, a country merchant, living about thirty miles back from Memphis, who, having told the youth if he would come out he would give him a place, the latter had undertaken this long journey of nearly two thousand miles in consequence; a step so rash, that, in any other than an American, impressed with a self confidence nothing can deter, would have appeared the very extacy of madness. Here was this youth, cast entirely on his own resources, confessedly with but little more means than would pay his passage out, not only careless as to the present, but absolutely without fear for the future. There was one thing, however, he did not fully enjoy, and that was, steamboat traveling. He had heard that all steamboat's were dangerous things, and western ones particularly so. He had

further learned that most explosions take place either while stopping for passengers—getting from the wharf—or while wooding; and on all these several occasions, so lively were his fears of such a catastrophe, that whenever the boat was “brought to,” even for a single minute, the first thing to be noted was our frightened youth, scampering with all the speed his long limbs would permit, to the very outermost verge of the hurricane deck, and there he would sit with his legs trailing over the stern, until such time as the boat was again fairly on her way. The Pilot, indeed, was fond of telling a story—but, mind you, Pilots are rarely entirely to be relied on. I say the Pilot was fond of telling a story, how at midnight, the boat having hung for a little while upon a bar, he happened to look round at the sound of footsteps, and a kind of fluttering noise, and he saw—I should say *he said* he saw—a white garment quiver past him and make a rush for the stern, and looking a little closer he perceived, through the fog, that the short white garment partially contained a man, whose excited features bore a very strong resemblance to the youth in question, and, that the garment, sat there, until the boat was gotten off, when it suddenly disappeared down the ladder, and, as the Pilot supposed, tumbled into bed again.

While speaking of the happy self confidence so characteristic of Americans, I may as well mention another illustration of it that occurred two hundred miles below Louisville.

We had stopped at some small town, (I forget the name,) for the purpose of receiving a couple of passengers, when just as we were pushing off again, we were hailed by a little bit of a boy, apparently not more than twelve years old. He came running down the hill panting, and blowing, and as soon as he could get his breath, his first words were—

“I say Captain, how much to Orleans?”

“Fifteen dollars!”

The boy looked aghast for a moment, but then, rallying, he continued:

“Oh! that’s for up thar,” pointing to the cabins.

“How much for down thar,” indicating the boiler deck, “and I’ll work?”

“Why?” said the Captain. “Why do you ask?”

“I want to go—I want to see Orleans?”

“You! what for?”

“What for?” echoed the boy, drawing up his pigmy stature, proudly, to its full height. “What for? why to make a livin’ to be sure—I aint afraid to work.”

“What! and leave your father and mother?”

The face of the boy became suddenly clouded, and he replied, struggling manfully all the while to repress his tears,

“They’re both dead, with the bilious—sister Nan died too. There aint none left but me, so I want to go to Orleans—work won’t scare me?”

Poor boy he had a brave heart for one so lonely and young! The Captain looked at him for a minute—he was a rough good hearted man—and then he said:

“Come aboard, my boy. Be quick, we’ll see what we can do for you. There now—never mind your money, you shall work it out.

“Ah, but,” said the boy, “you must say what you’ll charge me.” And he put both his hands into his pocket, thoughtfully.

“Never mind about that!” said the Captain. “Come aboard I tell you. Your work shall pay your passage.”

The little fellow’s face brightened up instantly; he was quickly on deck and, during the voyage, many a time I heard his shrill voice, and happy laugh, as he ran bustling to and fro, helping the men with wood, and doing such other little offices as his childish strength would permit.

W. H. C.

SONG.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

I CANNOT smile so freely,
As in the days gone by;
There comes no more that quivering thrill
To brighten cheek and eye:
I looked on life so gaily
When child-smiles lit my brow,
So thoughtlessly—so happily—
I cannot look so now.

Earth brought her lavish treasures,
With smiles so free and mild,
And poured them out so richly
To her merry-hearted child;

And the joy-tint flew up fleetly
Through every bounding vein,
But the joy must be more noble
That thrills me so again.

Oh Life! give purer riches,
For those those so quickly past;
Give Truth—for dreams and fancies,
That were too frail to last:
And for the songs and smiles of old,
A spirit pure and high;
And for the passing hopes of earth,
A hope that cannot die.

THE DUEL THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

BY MAYNE REID.

WE have a waggish friend in Kentucky, who confesses—actually confesses—that he is a *coward*. He says that nature made him so, and, for the life of him, he cannot help it. Now, our friend wears in his bosom as kind, as generous, and, withal, as happy a heart as ever beat in human breast, and we felt disposed to question the truth of this self-accusation. We were well aware of his strong antipathy to the shedding of blood—either his own, or his enemy's—he has few, if any of these—and that he possessed, in a high degree, the instinct of self-preservation—but, notwithstanding this, we shall believe that his *moral* courage, in case of any severe trial would overcome his natural timidity. It was reported, moreover, that, in an affair of honor in the State of Tennessee, he had “backed out” a noted bully. On one occasion we rallied him on the subject of courage. Stating that we did not believe him to be a coward.

“You do not believe it?”

“No!”

“Hear me—and I will prove it to you, beyond the possibility of a doubt.”

“I should be sorry to hear you prove it.”

“Never mind—it cannot be helped—to be ashamed of it would be to reproach the hand that made me—I am not.”

“The very fact that you think thus, and are not ashamed to declare it to the world, proves your courage—your moral courage I mean—beyond which we can take no credit to ourselves.”

“Oh! as to that, perhaps in a *good* cause I might meet danger with less fear; but hear me, patiently, while I relate to you the manner in which I acted in a *bad* one.”

I signified my assent to listen to him. He began:

“You have heard of my affair in Tennessee. Listen to the true version of that story.

“Being, as you know, a lawyer by profession, in the fall of 1840 I was summoned, upon professional business, to Nashville in that state. The city of Nashville was then, (and, for aught I know to the contrary, is still) what is usually termed a frolicsome little place. Brandy circulated freely—so too did blood. Both were occasionally spilled, and duels were spectacles of almost daily occurrence. The first evening that I spent in the place, I had the pleasure of being introduced to a brace of gentlemen, who had just returned from the field, having exchanged shots, and then shaken hands. There had been no serious cause of quarrel between them. They were only experimenting upon a debated question: *which was the better shot*.*

“Notwithstanding these occasional ebullitions of evil passions, however, I must confess, that I never associated with a more generous or more intelligent community, than that of Nashville. The hand guards

* A fact.

the head to be sure, but the heart rules both, and the heart of a Tennessean is brave, open and honest. But to return to my own adventure.

“I have said that the business which carried me to Nashville was professional. I had been engaged to defend the cause of a client—a personal friend—and I was successful. We gained the case, an important one, and as a matter of course, the evening following the trial, was spent by us, on the winning side, with great hilarity.

“I drank *then*—it is now five years ago—I have not touched liquor since. I drank enough on that evening to give me a distaste for it during the rest of my life—I drank deeply and became intoxicated, or, in the language of my boon companions of the evening gloriously drunk. In this state I was carried to my hotel and put to bed.

“When I awoke, late in the morning, I was informed by the servant, that a gentleman was below waiting to see me. Dressing myself hastily, I desired the gentleman to be shown to my room. He entered. It was one of my best friends, and had been my companion on the night before.

“‘Mr. C.’ said he, after we had exchanged the morning salutation, ‘you must call him out.’

“‘Call him out! what do you mean my friend?’

“‘Why, that you must challenge him!’

“‘Challenge him—challenge *who*?’

“‘Oh! you surely know whom I mean.’

“‘Have not the slightest idea.’

“‘Why, that blustering D., of course—you must call him out.’

“‘Blustering D.—call him out—and for what?’

“‘Well, Mr. C. you are the strangest fellow—you will have your joke.’

“‘I conceive *you* are trying to joke; but for the life of me, I cannot see the point of your wit.’

“‘Why you do not mean to say, that you have forgotten the occurrences of last night?’

“‘I recollect one thing, that I was degradingly drunk—that I remember well—nothing more.’

“‘But your quarrel with D.—he called you a blackguard.’

“‘A blackguard.’

“‘Aye and worse—a fool—a liar—a thousand things—unprovoked—and in the most provoking manner. There is but the one course left for you, in this matter,’ continued my friend, coolly.

“‘Are you in earnest? Are these things true?’ gasped I, at length, in a state of breathless anxiety, for the dim outline of a quarrel, with somebody, during the previous night, began to shadow itself upon my memory, and my recollection of it was every moment becoming more distinct.

“‘I tell you it is as I have said—ask your friends here,’ two of whom were at this moment entering

my room. These, too, were also my *best* friends. They confirmed what the other had told me, and, like him, advised me to adopt the *proper* course and 'call D. out.'

"Influenced, in fact almost coerced, by my three Tennessee friends, I, at length, tremblingly, and with great reluctance, acceded to the measure, and accordingly D. was 'called out.' One of my friends, acting as my second, dictated the challenge, likely to pave my way to eternity, with as much coolness as though it had been an invitation to a dinner party.

"D. upon the other hand, accepted the challenge with a fearlessness that awed me, and from that moment I looked upon being shot through the head as an event not probable but certain.

"The time of our meeting was arranged for the following morning at day break, and the place fixed upon was the beach of a low sandy island in the middle of the Cumberland river, and about a mile below the city. This was the customary place for hostile meetings, and I was assured that it was no unusual thing for two distinct sets of duellists to be seen here at the same time, within hailing distance of each other.

"I will not attempt to describe the agony of my feelings during that momentous day. I was fully convinced that it was to be the last, as it seemed to me the longest day of my life; for I had been informed that my adversary was a dead shot. My friend advised me to practise. But no! I assured him that my hand was in, or that I did not feel blood-thirsty; and shortly after, all preliminaries being arranged, my second left me to my own reflections. Evening at length arrived, and I sat in my chamber alone.—Then came the trying moment. The carousal of the previous night had completely unstrung my nerves, and I had not now even courage to drink for courage. I was about to be shot like a dog, and buried as such among strangers, for, with the exception of two or three casual acquaintances, whom I had formed, I knew no one in Nashville, and was almost unknown myself. The friend, for whom I had acted as counsellor, did not reside in Tennessee, and he had returned home on the day previous. I felt at that moment as I suppose a felon feels, who knows that he has to die at daybreak, for I imagined my fate to be as certain, as if it had been pronounced by a jury of my fellow citizens.

"During the evening, while in this pleasant mood, my friend came to see me. He brought with him the cheering intelligence, that my adversary had spent the day in a shooting gallery and that he had reached such perfection of aim, that he was able to cut a tape at twelve paces. He had hit the bull's eye five times out of six, and had performed various other interesting feats in target practice, such as picking the eye out of the chalk man, hitting a twelve cent piece, &c. I inwardly groaned at the narration of each successive feat, but I was so stupefied by the certainty of my death that I made no reply. My friend mistaking my silence for a high degree of courage, complimented me upon my coolness, and, assuring me that everything rested on nerve, took his leave, promising to be with me by the earliest dawn.

"I was again left alone with my pleasant fancies, and my perturbation increased as the time progressed. There was no hope of sleep during that night, and, as

every moment seemed an hour, I was destined to live through ages of agony, only to be terminated by a sure and quick death. Death! the very thought of it was terrible, and I had made neither temporal nor spiritual preparation for such an event. My fears had rendered me so imbecile that I had not even written to my friends in Kentucky. This I attempted once or twice, but my disordered mind refused to think, and I abandoned the idea.

"At that moment I heard, or fancied I heard, a sound that flung a kind of an undetermined hope into my heart. It was produced by the distant tolling of a bell, which I knew at once to be the warning bell of a steamboat. I threw up my window, and bent myself over the casement. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the streets were still noisy with citizens going to and fro. It was yet early in the night, as near as I can remember about ten o'clock. The bell which I had heard, and which had summoned me almost involuntarily to the window, had ceased tolling, but I could distinctly hear in the direction of the landing, the loud belching of a 'scape pipe, and at intervals the sharp hissing of the steam. These signals I well understood. A steamboat was about taking her departure. It was a tempting opportunity to escape the fearful torture I was then enduring; and disgrace itself was better to my then disordered mind than the present suffering. Besides, I had been guilty of no crime. I had been the challenger, and my adversary would doubtless be glad enough to be let off so easily. As for my friends, they were, at the best, but casual acquaintances, and they would soon forget the circumstance. In the midst of these consolatory reflections I found myself busily engaged in packing my portmanteau. Though with trembling hands, this piece of work was soon finished, and I began to make for the door of my chamber. How was I to leave the house unobserved? Though the affair of the challenge was as yet a secret to all but a few persons, I fancied that every man, woman, and child in the place knew all about it, and that even the negro porters of the streets were in possession of the facts. Laboring under this hallucination, I resolved to carry my own luggage to the boat. I recollected that there was a side door, somewhat private, leading to the hotel, and reserved, generally, for the accommodation of ladies. Through this I determined to make my exit. I had paid my bill at the bar during the evening, and I was, therefore, under no apprehension of being detained, but I feared that in passing through this I might meet with some of my fighting acquaintances. Shouldering my portmanteau, I groped my way through long dark galleries until I emerged into an open moonlit corridor. Traversing this I reached the ladies' hall door, and was soon in the street, wholly unnoticed and unobserved. Keeping in the shadow of walls and houses, and stealing along the most private and unfrequented streets I came, at last, within sight of the steamboat landing. All there was noise and bustle. The hissing of steam, the rumbling of drays and carriages, the shouts of boatmen, freighting their vessel, the conversation of friends, the adieus, the jokes and ready laughter, were all distinctly heard from my position. As I knew that the second warning bell had not yet rung, I determined on remaining, for a few minutes, where I was, until nearer the time of the

boat's departure. I had found a most favorable place of concealment under the dark shadow of a high wall. Against this wall had been built a temporary shed, into which, if close pressed, I meant to retreat. So making a seat of my portmanteau, which was very heavy, and had somewhat fatigued me, I sat down upon it, and quietly awaited an opportunity to steal aboard.

"My position commanded a full view of the street which led to the steamboat landing. I had not been seated quite five minutes, when a huge negro porter, bearing a black leather trunk upon his shoulder, loomed round the corner, and was passing before me in the full moonlight. Close upon the heels of the negro, and evidently following him with some degree of caution, came a white man, whom I at once recognized as my antagonist, D! Had I felt any doubts as to his identity, his name painted in large white letters upon the trunk, and which I easily deciphered, in the clear moonlight, would at once have resolved them: He, like myself, was making for the boat. I at once resolved how to act. Lifting my portmanteau, I carried it back into the shed and hid it in the darkest corner. I then sallied over, and keeping my adversary in view, followed him in the distance. I was right. He was *en route* for the steamboat, and in a few minutes I had the satisfaction of seeing the negro carry his trunk over the gangway, while D. himself followed, and was soon lost among the mass of human beings who crowded the decks. I took my stand at some distance in the shadow of a pile of cotton bales, and watched with trembling anxiety. I scrutinized the dress and features of every one who left the boat, but D. came not back. I cannot describe with what joyous feelings I saw the hawser loosed from its fastenings on the shore, and the last plank of the staging drawn aboard; and when the boat was fairly clear of the landing, my pent up feelings broke forth in a wild and unmeaning huzza. My strange conduct was observed by one or two of the bystanders; from whom it elicited a laugh, and the remark that 'that fellow seems to be out of his senses.' I did not heed them, but stole back to the shed, and re-shouldering my portmanteau, I carried it to another hotel, not caring to risk the chance of having my late adventure made public.

"I then repaired to my own hotel, where I passed the night in a most refreshing slumber. My friend, in the morning, true to his appointment, woke me from a deep, sweet sleep, and seemed to be more and more pleased with my coolness and courage. He remarked that he had never seen any one go forth upon a similar errand with so little apparent concern, and that in case I preserved my coolness, there was not the slightest

doubt of my being able to hit D. the 'first pop,' as, in consideration of this, he had arranged the distance with D.'s second at eight paces.

"We left the hotel, and, in company with a surgeon, proceeded to the island in a boat. My stoical indifference as to the result of the duel, together with the elasticity of my spirits upon the way, completely astounded my new friends. Such reckless courage was rare.

"We reached the ground at the appointed time. I commenced running a hop-step, while the doctor was arranging his lancets and my friend was getting ready the pistols. Ten minutes past the time and no one in sight. I began to predict a disappointment and to chafe accordingly. Fifteen minutes past, and a boat, containing two individuals, shot out from the opposite bank.

"'Why they have no surgeon with them,' remarked my second. 'Doctor,' continued he, jocularly, 'you will have to cure our enemies as well as friends.'

"'No,' replied the doctor, 'that is Surgeon S. in the boat.'

"'Is it possible? Why D. is not there! How is this?'

"'D., I presume, has stolen away,' quietly remarked the doctor. 'I thought as much—poor F. will have to fight for him.'

"'Good God!' I almost audibly ejaculated. This last remark of the doctor completely deprived me of my senses, and, in a kind of vacant stupor, I saw two gentlemen land from the boat and approach my friend. I was just wondering which of them was going to shoot me, when the words 'apologize,' and 'D. is a cowardly imposter,' fell upon my ear, and restored me to some degree of consciousness. At the same time my second, approaching, informed me of the flight of D. and inquired if I was willing to receive the apology of Mr. F. for having taken the scoundrel's part.

"I need hardly say that this matter was easily adjusted, and, after a mutual and general hand shaking, we all five returned to town. I having gained the reputation of infinite coolness and courage, while D. (who was never again heard of) was pronounced an 'arrant coward and poltroon.'

"Thus you see, my friend, how much we are dependent upon circumstances for our position; for the simple circumstance of my taking shelter in the shadow of that wall, prevented D. and myself from going off in the same boat, which would have degraded me for ever in the eyes of my fighting friends."

The argument was undeniable.

HOPE.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies,
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SELECTED.

I PLUCKED THAT ROSE-BUD FROM A GRAVE.

"I PLUCKED that rose-bud from a grave,
Amid the dew at matin hour;
Where willows to the night breeze wave,
And sorrow gems each opening flower.

"I plucked, and bound it in my hair,
And, from the green homes of the dead,
Forgetful of the stillness there,
I wandered forth with careless tread.

"Mid groves by early breezes fanned,
And flower-cups bursting with perfume;
And still, with light and girlish hand,
I gathered of the ceaseless bloom.

"From flower to flower, its sweets to sip,
I wandered like the honey-bee,—
A song was melting on my lip,
As melts the snow-flake on the sea.

"The waves were with the light at play,—
The heavens were arched in blue above;
And nestling at my heart there lay
A dream of yet unclouded love.

"The holy thoughts my soul had shrined,
Like gems were glancing to the light,
As, with that grave-nurst bud, entwined,
I gaily wove a garland bright.

"Thus swelled my heart at matin-tide,
But ere had waned the summer's day,
With sorrowing steps he sought my side,
The heart's dread word—'Farewell'—to say.

"And he hath gone,—perhaps for years,—
To that far land across the sea,
While harrowing doubt, and gathering tears,
Must still my lonely portion be.

"And, oh, he bears, with fondness prest,
Across the wild and widening wave,
As love's best token, on his breast,
The rose I gathered from a grave.

"Mid flowers by life and gladness nurst,
In rich parterres, and gardens gay,
I know not why that bud should burst,
The fairest of the bright bouquet.

"Or, from the wealth of Flora's land,
Amid the glittering wreath I wove,
I know not why my careless hand
Should choose it for the gift of love.

"But, oh! as seeks my tear-dimmed gaze,
The shadow of that distant bark,
Upon my bursting heart there lays
The burden of an omen dark."

And thus, upon that shore, while round
Her form there fell the shades of even;
And the dim bark, her gaze that bound,
Seemed gliding to the heart of heaven.

Slow moved her silent steps along,
While mingled with the deep-toned wave
The murmur of her mournful song,—
"I plucked that rose-bud from a grave."

Though day by day the maiden strove
To chase the gathering clouds away,
A phantom dark her spirit wove,
And still she breathed her sorrowing lay.

Above her fell the summer's gleam,
Around her sprung the fresh-lipped flowers,—
The brightness of her girlhood's dream
Was saddened in its early hours.

And gushing from her heart oppressed,
Her trembling lips the murmur gave—
"He bears in fondness on his breast
The rose I gathered from a grave."

On paced the year; and when again,
With bursting song, and glancing wing,
And blushing flowers,—a joyous train,—
Came dancing forth the Queen of Spring,

Where flashed the early light along
The gardens of that blooming shore,
The gentle maiden's mournful song
Was melting from her lips no more.

There came a youth from o'er the wave,
A rose's withered leaves to strew,
In grief, upon an early grave,
Fast by the sod where first they grew. H. E. G.

LIFE.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

LIKE a strain of melody
Gushing from an angel's lyre,
With a wild and tuneful wail,
Breaking from the quivering wire;

Ruffling, with a viewless wing,
One small billow of the air,
Then, with cadence of a sigh,
Passing no one knoweth where.

163

Such is life, and even so
Passeth it from earth away;
Where it findeth place of rest,
Echo cometh not to say.

Yet, Faith heaveth from a shore,
Which no venturous foot hath trod,
Floods of perfect melody
Living round the throne of God.

THE SERVANT GIRL.

Translated from the German.

BY DR. ROBERT ARTHUR.

Anna Neukamp became an orphan whilst she was yet a child. War brings suffering of the most frightful kind, even to those who have no property to lose, whose limbs are too weak to bear the musket, or to use the sabre. Dark spirits follow the hostile crowd; where the fields are laid waste, where the brand has made heaps of ashes out of houses, where loathsome vapors rise up from the heaps of bodies on the battlefield, there they alight and steal upon the wretched straw of the destitute, who have been plundered of all, save their bare lives, and breathe upon them—their breath is fever. And old men and youths, matrons and maidens, fall victims, till the church yard is too narrow to contain their bodies, and towns and villages are desolated. Anna's parents were day laborers in a Saxon village; French soldiers had been quartered in their hut; stragglers, just dismissed from the hospital, had compelled them to give them lodging, robbed them of every thing of the least value they could find, and as a guest-present, left them the fever. Without physician, without nurse, without any soul near them, except their infant, weeping for hunger, they lay upon their wretched straw, now tormented with a burning fever, now shaken with a freezing ague, till death took pity upon them. The hungry child, wearied with crying, had crept upon their straw, and leaning its little head against the cold cheek of its mother, had fallen asleep. In this condition was she found by the pastor of the village. He had seen many frightful things in those days of sorrow, but nothing had met his eye which moved him so much as this painful scene. He took the child in his arms and carried her to the parsonage. His own little family were partaking of a scanty meal.

"Where there is enough for four, a fifth may become satisfied," he said.

And his wife understood him. Anna remained at the parsonage.

The pastor was a man of honor, in the best meaning of the term; pious and faithful, free from hatred toward those whose belief did not accord with his own, without that spirit of jealousy in which so many ministers of the present day indulge; free from that disgusting arrogance, which induce some men to believe themselves able to point out the future destiny of every one. He was mild, gentle and of unbending integrity; displaying in these stormy times a courage in the performance of his duties which no danger could subdue.

In the house of this man the child of the laborers was brought up. It is not uncommon for destitute orphans to be adopted and reared in the families of strangers. In old times they had a peculiar method of bringing up young princes in the straight path; a

youth was chosen and educated with the young scion of royalty; and when the prince neglected his task, blotted his writing book, or committed any other misdemeanors, his companion received the flagellation for the little pillar of the church and state, and it was believed that the latter was thereby punished. This method of princely education is now sometimes practised in those families whose benevolence has induced them to adopt orphans. Their own children are faultless; the orphans are their scape-goats. In this manner are these young souls pierced with the sting of neglect, for the heart of a child feels as keenly the bitterness of neglect, and unkind treatment, and injustice, as those who are grown up, and shadows darken the whole of their future lives. Anna was spared this pain, for the good parson was too kind and just to treat her differently from his own children. When her parents died, Anna was an unconscious child, and she did not know that the parsonage was not her birth place, and that the noble pastor and his good wife were not her own father and mother.

Anna was eight years old when peace came. It would be better with them, the parson had often said, consolingly, from week to week and from month to month, during the continuance of the war, if they were only to have peace. Peace had now come, but the countries which had been so long the scene of war, had to suffer many after-pains, before they could enjoy its blessings; to bear the want of money, an oppressive and long-continued scarcity, and the burden of disappointed hope. The parson had been compelled not only to bring his own family through the war, but, in assisting those of his flock, who had been entirely impoverished, he had been compelled to contract debts, and now with the peace came the necessity of discharging these debts. The parson used his utmost exertions to sustain his family, and to be just toward his creditors.

In this hard struggle for the barest necessities of life, many years passed away, and the parson was engaged one beautiful spring morning in his poor little study, with a sad employment. He had received from the war office, the list of those who were killed in battle, or who had met death in the hospital, during the campaign of 1815; this list had been detained long beyond its time, and he was now engaged in transcribing the names of those of his little flock, who had lost their lives in the service of their country, into the parish record. All those whose names were contained in the sad list before him, he had baptised and educated, and the old man was often compelled to wipe away the quick tears which started to his eyes.

"William Kunz," he repeated to himself, half aloud; "I have seldom met with a youth of such good

natural ability; if he could have studied he would have become distinguished, perhaps, as a prudent, enterprising merchant; but before he was scarce strong enough to shoulder a musket, he followed the drum amongst the Prussian volunteers. And now am I compelled to write, 'Shot at Belle-Alliance, June 18th, 1815.' The Lord be merciful to them. Poor youths! they have fallen in the effort to free their fatherland from the yoke of a stranger. From such a battle-field, it is my firm belief that the way leads straight to heaven. Who was it that once said, seriously, as he stood surrounded by coffins: '*Beati quia requiescunt*,' they are happy, for they rest! But to us, who yet remain upon earth, what a constant warfare is our portion, what a restless striving after existence!"

At this moment the door was opened and Anna, with a newspaper in her hand, entered the room. She was much agitated—she grasped the hands of the parson, pressed it to her lips, and her hot tears fell upon the hand of the honest man.

"What ails you, Anna?" asked he in astonishment.

"Yesterday, Mr. Wallmann, whilst I was putting your room in order—"

"Mr. Wallmann, your room; what means this language, between father and daughter?"

She wept more bitterly, for a moment, and then recovering herself—

"I found the parish register open, and knowing there were no secrets in it, I turned over the leaves to see our family register. I found the names of Ernst, Edward, Maria, William, and opposite to each, your words: 'This dear child have I, their father, pastor of this church, baptized.' I then found, at a later date, November 3d: 'John and Wilhelmina Neukamp, husband and wife, died of nervous fever, and I, Karl Cristoph Wallmann, pastor of this church, have taken their only child, Anna, two years and four months old into my house, and adopted her as my daughter.' I am not your child, and yet I am your child with all the ties which bind children to parents, or youth to old age."

"You are, and shall always remain so."

"Yes, but I will leave the dear home; I will now soon be eighteen years old; long have I felt with you; well do I know how much difficulty you find in procuring the necessaries of life for us, and how dark and unpromising the future stands before us. Of one care, at least, I will lighten you."

She then showed the pastor an advertisement in the newspaper, she had in her hand. He took the paper and read:

S—, May 19th, 18—.

The widow of the former constable of the Castle of the Grand-Duke, in this place, Frederika Ritter, wishes to take into her service a young girl of respectable parentage. The terms will be good, and the service light. A girl of this class, who is willing to hire out, will make application at No. 19 Oldeastle street.

"Hire out!" said the parson; "a hateful word when used amongst human beings. But, Anna, in what way does this advertisement interest you?"

"It is my intention to enter into the service of Madame Ritter."

"Thou, my child!"

"Yes, I," and the tears flowed again more plenti-

fully than before; "ought I not to be ashamed to sit, peacefully, with my hands folded in my lap, and see you struggling so hard, amidst trials and vexations, to furnish us with the merest necessities? Ernst, my eldest brother, ah! let me still call him so, will go, at Easter, to the university, and will become a pastor like you, and will be like you; Edward and William have chosen their future occupations; will not these things make new demands upon you, and require you to make new sacrifices. Maria can render her mother all necessary assistance in the household duties, and am not I superfluous—a burden—whilst I am young, and strong, and able to support myself?"

"And shall I let you leave me, shall I send out into the world, the inexperienced child—my child—and expose her where folly and seduction are but too ready to take advantage of youth!"

"I am your child, and you have bestowed that upon me which no one shall take from me: honor and pride in a pure name."

"Well, it shall be as you wish; but this house shall be a paternal home to you, and the door shall always be gladly opened, when you sue for admittance. God grant that I may always receive you with this pure soul unstained."

The pastor made inquiries about the lady who wished to hire "a young girl of respectable parentage," and learned that the widow of the constable Ritter was a wealthy, elderly lady, who lived in a very retired manner, with her son, a man between thirty and forty years of age, an officer of the revenue. With this information, Anna and her foster-father set out for the town, which was a good many miles from her native village. On arriving there, they found Oldeastle street in a very retired quarter, and the high, serious looking houses, stretched along either side. When they reached No. 19, the pastor rang the bell, and the door was opened by an old lady, dressed in very simple style.

"I wish to speak to Madam Ritter," said Mr. Wallmann.

"Mrs. Constable Ritter," said the lady, correcting him, and drawing herself up, with dignity; "I am the lady—with whom have I the honor—"

The pastor immediately announced the object of his visit; Anna, timidly and modestly, promised to do all in her power, to contribute to the comfort of Mrs. Constable Ritter, and the lady "hired" her. It was agreed that she should remain, and that her duties should immediately commence.

"Her papers are in order, I suppose?" asked the matron; "for order, Mr. Wallmann, order governs the world. Our police are justly severe, and they must know of all who come into the town, who and whence they are, and where they were baptised, their name and business, and object in coming to the town, and what faith they profess; any living being resident here, with whom the police is not perfectly acquainted, is regarded as an enemy of the authorities. So your papers, if you please."

The pastor handed them to her. He then turned to Anna, laid his hand upon the blonde hair of the maiden, whilst soft words of blessing flowed from his lips. She wept bitterly; he kissed her and, unable

to conceal the painful agitation by which he was moved, he left the house, so quickly, that the polite lady, who desired to accompany him to the door, could not keep pace with him.

"The pastor is not over polite," growled Mrs. Constable Ritter; "very little grace! for the rest, it is the old story of country parsons: many books, many children, and little money."

Anna stepped upon her new path with the best will in the world. From her youth up she had been accustomed, in the house she had regarded as that of her parents, to strict order, and that quiet but effective method of labor which gives to the simplest house so great a charm of comfort; it was not difficult or irksome to perform the duties now imposed upon her. The manner of the lady toward her was not at all friendly. It is true that she seldom scolded Anna, who was apt, punctual, and active; but she never had a word of praise for the young girl, or a word of thanks for her zeal, or for the alacrity with which she performed her duties. She learned, from the papers which the pastor had given her, and which she had at once carefully searched, that Anna was not only not the daughter of Mr. Wallmann, but that she was the child of laborers,—“mere common people”! She did not, therefore, think it her duty to treat her with that consideration which would have been demanded of her toward the daughter of “respectable parents,” towards a parson’s daughter; she was the girl’s “mistress,” she had “hired” her, and keenly enough did she make Anna feel this fact. How bitterly did Anna weep, when she found herself alone in her room on the first evening of her service. Raised in a family, where the friendship of those who composed it, and benevolence toward all men, was made a duty, she scarcely knew that there existed forms of speech, every expression of which made the dependant painfully conscious of humiliation. The tone and manner with which her employer commanded her to attend to her duties, wounded the maiden deeply. When she was bid to go to bed, she wished the lady, kindly, a “good night,” as was the custom at the parsonage. At the words, Mrs. Ritter rose from the softly-cushioned arm-chair, in which she was sitting, and said, indignantly:

“Anna, once for all, I forbid you to say ‘good night,’ to your mistress; it is very unseemly in a servant; it is a degree of familiarity which cannot be permitted. In future, you shall say in the evening, ‘I hope, humbly, that you may rest well,’ and in the morning you shall ask: ‘Has the lady Constable any commands?’ and then I will give orders about your duties for the day.”

The lady Constable! She was what is called a respectable woman, she had never done any thing remarkably bad—no one could say aught evil against her—but she had been educated in prejudice. She had been taught the most profound respect for what are called “good families,” and to distinguish between the different classes of society was a kind of religion with her. She was accustomed to look up humbly to those who occupied a higher position than herself, and to look down with contempt, and act with arrogance, toward all who were poorer than herself; and under the influence of this hateful folly had her heart grown cold and hard. She contributed punctually to the poor box, and did every thing which she

regarded as her duty, but nothing farther; kind feeling, sympathy, or unselfish love toward her fellow creatures, had no place in her soul. She divided the world into four classes: the highest rulers, the nobility, people of rank, (in this class she placed herself, her late husband, her son, all officers under government, merchants and manufacturers) and “common people.” With the late constable, she lived in that highest state of peace in which one vain fool may live with another; for, although it was difficult to imagine, her husband’s imperiousness and self-conceit exceeded even her’s. Both were natives of the little capital which is the scene of our story; her father had been chief cook to his highness, the late Duke, and his father had been chamberlain of his late highness; both, therefore, had had the privilege of being in intimate relationship to the person of his late most blessed highness! When the elder Ritter had begun to be incapacitated for his office, by the approaches of old age, the younger Ritter had received the appointment of “adjunct chamberlain” to his most blessed highness, and then led home, as his bride, Mademoiselle, the daughter of the chief cook; he afterward became constable of the castle, and died whilst he was yet a young man. His widow always wept, when she related how, on the seventh Sunday after his death: “I felt, at last, that it was necessary that I should take the fresh air, and walked out. On the ramparts I met the seneschal, who has now been dead twenty-one years, and as this gentleman saw me, with eyes weakened with the many tears I had shed, he said: ‘You are right to weep, Madam Ritter, your husband was a model of a servitor, and his highness will never be able so well to supply the place of constable, which his lamented decease has left vacant.’”

For her son William, Mrs. Ritter had the greatest affection; for, at the early age of twenty years, he was copyist at the exchequer, in his twenty-fifth year he was clerk, in the same department, and, in his thirtieth year, the duke himself, had appointed him paymaster of the exchequer, with the title of commissary.

“So important a place, with so good an income and such a beautiful title! I am indeed a fortunate mother!” the lady Constable was accustomed to say.

Without the title and income, she had reason to call herself a fortunate mother. William Ritter was an honest man; one of those quiet souls who place the most severe restrictions upon themselves, and toward others are mild and charitable. He was a tender, loving son, a faithful and diligent officer, thoughtful of his friends, and ready to sacrifice himself for them; assiduous in the cultivation of his mind, and highly sensible of every thing beautiful and sublime.

“You have only one fault, my son,” his mother often said to him. “You do not sufficiently appreciate the dignity of your position, and the favor in which you stand with his highness, who has entrusted you with such an important office, and given you such a beautiful title. And you still such a young man! Commissary! how beautifully it sounds. Ah! if your blessed father could only have lived to be present when the messenger from the exchequer brought you the appointment. But you do not seem to derive so much pleasure from it.”

"I take pleasure in the duties of my office, notwithstanding, dear mother. Our country is small, it is true, but it is one of the happiest in all Germany. That our duke is an upright man, no one knows better than I, who am his paymaster. He squanders no money on pageants and parades, on court-parasites, or dancing-girls; but his treasury is never closed to those who have, in battle, exposed their lives for their country; where poverty presses down real talent, there is his help near; citizens and peasants, all under his jurisdiction, find his ear ever open to their complaints; and the many school-houses which he has caused to be built, will be a more blessed remembrance of him, than all the pageantry of the world could leave behind. And how many an abuse is it our duty to root out, and how many things do we find it our duty to alter and improve? Our duke is an honorable man, and from my heart I love to serve him. As to the title, that is a matter of indifference to me; of what consequence is it whether I am called commissary or clerk?"

He pitied Anna, who suffered much from the temper and domineering disposition of his mother; and generously took pains to endeavor to compensate for his mother's unpleasant haughtiness by his friendly manner. Anna had been three months in the house, and during that time William had not spoken to her except to request her to do such little things for him as her duty required of her, for which he never failed to thank her.

One Sunday morning his mother had scolded Anna severely about a mere trifle, and he saw the maiden struggle hard to repress the tears. He found a pretext to escape accompanying his mother to church, as was his habit; and when she had gone he went down into the kitchen, where Anna was engaged preparing the dinner, and said to her:

"Anna, I am often sorry that my mother is not more friendly toward you; but do not take it so much to heart; she does not mean badly, and when she scolds you must remember that she does not give you pain alone, but it gives me pain that she is not kinder to you."

Without waiting for an answer he left her. But his mild words had brought comfort into Anna's heart, for she now knew that the serious, quiet man, sympathized with her, and disapproved of the haughty unfeelingness of his mother.

In this manner he often consoled and encouraged the young maiden; for Anna's gentle, sweet disposition, greatly interested him. She had been instructed by her second father in many things which elevates and ennobles the mind; and the natural capacity of the maiden made the efforts of the good pastor fruitful. Like William she was acquainted with our great poets, and had a deep and heart-felt appreciation of all the beautiful and elevating in their works. William often gave her books, which she secretly read, and he was astonished when he questioned her with regard to what she read, to find that she so readily comprehended. How very different was this slender, beautiful maiden, with her long, simply braided, blonde hair, with her soft blue eyes, her handsome, serious features, and well shaped figure, with her modest, sensible conversation, how very different was she from many of the officers' daughters of the little

capital, from amongst whom Mrs. Constable Ritter would have so much loved to select a wife for her son. How fully these maidens seemed to be interested in their millinery; and, when such topics as the late novel, or the new opera singer, or a new actor, or the gossip of the town, was discussed, how much at a loss were they for subjects of conversation; and, above all, how offensive was their sinful pride.

Anna had been two years in the house of Mrs. Constable Ritter, when she received a letter, sealed with black, from her native village. The noble man, to whom she owed protection, education and the formation of her character, had been called away from the circle of his earthly labors, in which he had so faithfully executed his duties.

"His death," wrote her foster mother, "was worthy of his noble life; gently and peacefully he fell asleep in his Father's arms. His departure was much lightened by knowing that his children were all in a way of providing for themselves, and all following the path of duty. Ernst, who has almost completed his studies, has the promise of a place, as private tutor, in the family of Count H. Edward is engaged, on very favorable terms, in a Hamburg house, at Marseilles. William fills a situation as clerk, in the establishment of a bookseller in Frankfurt-on-the-Main; and our dear Maria, as her blessed father lately wrote to you, is the betrothed of the honest forester of our place. It is my intention to spend the few remaining years of my widowhood with the young people. The father, in his last moments, expressed strong interest in you, but with the conviction that your virtue and faithfulness would yet place you in an honorable and happy station. And, as he blessed his children, he blessed you; for you have ever, like our own children, filled a place close to our hearts. May the blessing of him who has run his earthly career bring thee prosperity!"

Anna had now become accustomed to tell to the man who sympathized with her so sincerely, all that occurred to give her joy or grief. William learned from her this occurrence, too, which moved her so deeply; but he did not know that she went to her little savings-box, and took from it all that she had been enabled to lay by during the two years she had been in service. The little sum was enclosed in the sad letter which she wrote to her foster-mother; and, indeed, it came in good time, for the widow had concealed from her that the good pastor's death had left her and her daughter almost destitute.

The twelfth of September was William's birthday. His mother had made him many presents; a huge cake was on the table, and, according to an old custom, there were as many lights standing by it as corresponded to William's age, which was now eight and thirty.

"You are thirty-eight years of age, William."

"Yes, dear mother, I am growing old."

"That I am not disposed to admit; it is a fine age for a man, but rather too great for a bachelor. How I should love to see you united to the daughter of the chief court cook, the beautiful Emilia. She has lately given me reason to believe that you are not indifferent to her."

"Nor my salary; nor my title," answered William, drily. "Yes, I will marry," continued he, gaily, "for I love a beautiful, good, and excellent maiden, by whom, I dare believe, I am valued, not for my money, nor for my title, but for myself; true and faithful, she would share with me deprivation, want, and danger, as she shall now the prosperity and wealth which the Lord has lavished upon me far beyond my deserts."

"And this maiden is—"

"Our Anna."

"Anna! Our servant girl! My son smitten with a servant girl, brought up, out of charity, by a poor country parson! Ugh! the shame which my degenerate child will bring upon my grey hairs!"

In vain did William call to his aid all the arguments which reason opposes to pride, justice to prejudice, truth to blindness, to convince his mother that poverty was no shame; that nothing is degrading but vice and crime; that nothing truly brings honor but the performance of duty, virtue, and faithful efforts toward the formation of the soul, to enable it to fulfil its destiny; and, to him, Anna was all this. Vainly! It is difficult, indeed, to conquer a heart encased in the mail of pride, and contempt of its fellows.

"Take her, take her," was her only answer. "I cannot prevent it; but take, also, my curse, as a marriage portion; and, if you marry the girl, you may prepare to follow my body to the grave, for I shall not survive that day of shame!"

On the day after this scene, which produced so much discord between him and his mother, William was sitting, gloomy and silent, at the dinner table, when his friend, the director of the exchequer, came in, and desired to speak with him. When he had taken his departure, William said to his mother:

"Some secret business of the prince, to be entrusted with which confers honor upon me, will require me to make a journey which will keep me absent for some time. Farewell, mother, and let me hope, when I return, to find you more kindly disposed toward me, for I feel, deeply, that I love this maiden, that she is intended for me, and that she will make my life peaceful and happy."

"Does Anna know that you have any intention of raising her to be your wife?"

"She has clear perception, and a warm heart, which have surely told her that she is loved."

"But you have not spoken to her of your determination?"

"No. I desired, first, that the obstacles which your foolish pride—your erroneous methods of thinking," he said, mildly, correcting himself, "I knew would oppose to our union, should be removed. Let me find you, when I return, what you have, heretofore, always been, a kind mother. Farewell."

"Return, what you have always been, a good, dutiful son. Farewell."

The old woman quickly formed her plans. She knew a farmer living upon some property belonging to a nobleman, which was distant from the capital, and was situated several miles from the highway; to the care of this man she determined to send the maiden, so as to remove her from the eyes of her son. She believed that, if the girl were sent away,

she could regain all her power over William, or, at least, find it easier to banish from his heart a passion which her prejudices made her think degrading. She bade Anna pack up her things, telling her that she intended taking a journey during the absence of her son. The bundle of the maiden was soon tied up, and she stepped, with her mistress, into a carriage which was then brought out. They traveled the whole day, and stopped at the house of the farmer above alluded to. William's mother had a long and secret conversation with the farmer and his wife, and, when this was ended, she called Anna and told her that it was not her intention to take her back to town, as she had here provided her with a good place. She cut off Anna's attempt to object with,

"I wish it to be so, and, believe me, I have your welfare in view in requiring you to take this step."

In fourteen days William returned. During his absence two letters had come for him, but his mother had broken the seals, read them, and thrown them in the fire—they were from Anna. He had been entrusted with some business of importance, which required tact and intelligence to manage, but which he had successfully accomplished. William, therefore, stepped from the carriage, at his mother's door, light of heart. But a strange girl opened the door.

"Where is Anna?" asked he, of his mother.

"I have sent her away, and you will never learn where she is."

He answered not a word, but gave his mother such a look, that, in the depths of her soul, she shuddered.

On the next morning he rose very early, and when his mother brought him his breakfast, she perceived that he had already written a great deal. He had prepared a detailed account of his proceedings, in effecting the business upon which he had been absent, and this lay before him. Mrs. Ritter was about to retire, silently, but William said:

"Wait a moment," and took up a sheet of paper.

"You will not tell me where Anna is?"

"In another's service."

"And you will never give me your consent to marry Anna?"

"Never!"

"Listen then." And he read as follows:

"To the Director of the Exchequer.

Most honored sir,

"I lay claim to all your friendly feelings toward me in asking a favor of you. I wish my immediate dismissal from the service of the duke. Permit me to withhold my reasons for taking this step, and receive my heart-felt assurances that I shall always remember with pleasure the year when I was allowed to dedicate my abilities to the service of so benevolent and upright a man as our duke. I desire to leave the capital to-day, and trust to your goodness to have my dismissal despatched without delay to Ostend, where I shall expect it."

"Now, mother, let me add a word to this letter. You have sent Anna away from me, and threatened me with your curse if I should marry her. What is there to prevent me from searching after her, from town to town, and from village to village? What would prevent me, when I had found her—and I

would find her—from taking her to the nearest church, and making her my wife? What would prevent me from doing these things? You threaten me with your curse, and I, opposing passion to passion, could bring her into this house, which is our common property. But no! even if you heap endless sorrow upon my head, I will not forget that you are my mother, and that you loved me, from the first moment my eyes opened upon the light, till the day when your pride became stronger than your love. But I will leave this city and this country. I have read you my application for a dismissal from office; you know that I have laid up some thousands of dollars, and, to-day, I will start for France,—where I go, indeed, is indifferent to me! I give you two years for reflection, but, as truly as the Lord in heaven lives, I will not give up the maiden. When I return, if you give me your consent, I will remain, and, no matter how hardly I shall be compelled to labor for my bread, I shall do it cheerfully. If you do not consent—but, no, in two years your pride will be extinguished, and you will again be my good mother.”

“In two years reason will have returned—your madness will have passed away, and you will thank me for having prevented you from taking a step which would have made us objects of ridicule to the whole town. But you have given up your office, then, and with it the respect which men have entertained for you. ‘There goes the fool,’ it will be said, ‘who madly threw away his office; he will soon gladly be copyist again!’”

William made no reply. He dressed himself, and packed up a few necessary articles for his journey.

“In Ostend I shall await my dismissal. In two years, mother, if it is the will of Providence, we shall see each other again.”

Anna had written twice to William Ritter, but these letters were intercepted and destroyed by his mother. The poor girl had complained of her troubles to the man in whom she had so long confided. The family in which she had been thrust was rude and insolent. In Mrs. Ritter's pride was a species of cunning, which she had exercised upon these people, who followed her wishes with disgusting pleasure. The farmer was a sot, and his wife the most vulgar of her sex. Five wild and savage children grew up around them, following closely the example of their parents. Anna spent here weeks and months of suffering and wretchedness. One source of consolation was all that sustained her—William had not answered her letters, but her confidence in his noble, benevolent spirit, remained unshaken. She had written to her foster-mother, but this letter, too, remained unanswered. Where could she look for help? It was so difficult to find a good place; and how, indeed, was she to live whilst she attempted to find one. The little sum of money which she had saved, during her service with Mrs. Ritter, she had sent, on the death of her foster-father, to his widow. And if she left this place, how would William find her again? She was certain that he would seek her,

for he sympathized so deeply with her, and she now felt assured that he loved her. And, with all the strength of which her pure soul was capable, she loved the gentle, noble man. In this way, patiently hoping, she endured a year,—as youth rests so trustingly in hope, why should she despair?

But harder trials yet were laid upon her. On the birthday of the youngest child, the favorite of the farmer, he had presented him with a bright ducat; at bed-time the ducat could not be found. All the rest of the people except Anna had been out in the fields all day, and the farmer's wife, without the least hesitation, accused her of having stolen the ducat. Her denials were taken for audacity, and, in the morning, she was sent to the assessor, whence she was dragged to prison. The assessor was a brother of the farmer's wife, and, like her, before a question was asked, was convinced of Anna's guilt.

“The wretch,” said his sister, angrily, “always held herself so high—would always be so fine. Her former mistress told me that she had saved money. What has become of it? It is squandered. First she squandered her own money, and now has she stolen that of her employers.”

Her brother immediately believed all that was told him, and half accuser, half judge, he used every means to force Anna into a confession of her guilt; she was thrust into a dark, wet prison, with foul straw for a bed, and the dread of corporeal punishment, and even starvation, was held up to her, to force her to confess that she had committed the theft of which she was accused.

How many curses rest upon such things as these? We have seen strong men, who, become weak and almost shadows, after a solitary confinement for months in such a prison, confess any thing which might be required. She desired to be permitted to write to Ernst, the eldest son of her foster-father, who could testify to her honesty and her blameless life.

“It is unnecessary,” sneered the assessor. “The candidate is living only a few miles from here, on the place of Count —, and I spoke to him day before yesterday about you. When I told him that you were ever speaking of him, he said his late father had something else to do than to adopt beggars' children, and that he did not feel disposed to give himself any trouble about a thief.”

Anna appealed to the Commissary Ritter of the Capital, who, she said, would testify to her honesty—but in vain.

And again the poor girl sat alone—entirely alone, for many long weeks in her miserable dungeon, into which the light of day scarcely penetrated. If she made a confession, she would be put into the house of correction, amongst those who might more than simply bear the name of human beings. She had already been threatened with blows if she persisted in her falsehood; and when she saw the beadle, prepared to perform his frightful office, she confessed herself guilty of a crime of which she was entirely innocent.

She was then condemned to four years imprisonment in the house of correction, and signed a paper acknowledging the sentence to be just—by this means cutting off all appeal to a higher court.

The door of the house of correction opened to receive her in her twenty-first year.

William found a letter in Ostend, from the director of the exchequer. The worthy man wrote that he could not bring himself to make application for the desired dismissal from service, but that he had procured him leave of absence for two years—with this he hoped William would be the more readily satisfied, as the duke had expressed himself much pleased with the manner in which he had accomplished the late important business with which he had been entrusted, and that speedy promotion was almost certain.

"A little while ago," thought William, with a smile, "how much pleasure would advancement, in the favor of so good a man as our duke, have rendered me;—but now—now, Anna fills all my thoughts."

At the same time he received a letter from his mother, who begged him to give up his foolish purpose, and come back to her. He answered her briefly, that he would never renounce his love, but that he would leave her two years for reflection, during which time no one at home should know whither he had gone.

And so he travelled two years in Holland, the south of Germany, in France and Switzerland—and then he longed to return to his home.

"My mother's inborn folly has abated," he would say to himself, daily; "she is too good a woman to allow it so long to influence her;—my absence has extinguished her pride—she has become milder, and will no longer be jealous of my happiness."

And she received him with the fulness of a mother's love—all was forgiven and forgotten!

"I have lately seen the director of the exchequer," she said, "and he told me his highness would be much pleased to see you,—your leave of absence expires to-morrow, and you can at once re-enter upon the duties of your office. In a half year you may expect to occupy a post of distinguished honor."

"And Anna," said William—"I can at last call her mine?"

His mother painted Anna's offence in glowing colors.

"She was bad and false at heart, or she would never have ensnared you in the manner she did."

There is no more bitter trial, than to see a loved being under the yoke of shame and disgrace. William bore this trial like a man who is convinced of the worth of his love.

"She is innocent," answered he, when his mother had finished her relation; "Anna is innocent. They have afflicted, and misused, and tortured the poor soul till she has confessed herself guilty; but I cannot die in peace, till I have saved her."

William's first step was to go to the director, who had given him so many proofs of his friendship, and acquaint him, fully, with the reasons why, two years before, he had asked his dismissal from service, and the misfortune which had befallen the maiden of his choice.

"She is innocent," he said, as he concluded his story; "she *must* be innocent. "For ten years I lived alone with my mother, thinking of my labors and my duties, only; then this beautiful, noble being came into our house. I learned to know a cultivated and strong spirit, a steadfast, capable mind. I loved this rare maiden,—and could I have thrown away my heart and my best feelings upon a thief! No, it is impossible."

The director showed deep sympathy for the misfortune which rested so heavily upon William, and immediately procured him permission to see Anna, in the house of correction, where she had been placed, free from the presence of witnesses.

The house of correction was situated some miles from an old town, near the little capital, in a desert, comfortless region. When William produced the paper which gave him permission to visit Anna, the director of the place, an old man with hard features and a severe expression of countenance, said,

"I have filled this post now for twenty-seven years, and I have never before seen such a criminal as this one. The maiden, it is stated, has stolen, but, if it were not put down so on the record, I never should believe it, for she is far too good and modest. The most hardened creatures in the place respect her, and allow her to speak to them and rebuke them for their rudeness. It is really cruel. Well; she has no complaint to make of me, for I have treated her well."

Anna was brought into the reception room. At sight of William, she was, for a moment, speechless; and then crimson blushes shed themselves over her serious, pale face. But she quickly recovered herself,

"I have no cause to blush," said she, with a steady voice, "I am innocent. The Lord be praised that I see you again! Yes, in the most sorrowful nights, when the spectre of shame hovered over my wretched couch, and frightened sleep from my wet eye, the thought of you saved me from despair. There is *one*, I have said to myself a thousand times, who will hear me in extremity—who will not forsake me. Ernst, the eldest son of my benefactor, he with whom I have grown up, scorning the memory of his noble father, turned away from me. I implored the widow of my foster-father to receive me; her son-in-law, the forester, forbade his wife and mother to take a thief into his house. Without hearing me they condemned me. But I still hoped; I relied upon the noblest of men—upon you."

For the first time in his life William felt proud; the thoughts of the confidence and love which he had inspired, caused his heart to beat strongly against its walls.

"And your confidence shall not have deceived you, Anna. Do you know why I left my home, and wandered restless, joyless, through strange countries? Because I loved you, and felt that you must be mine, and the foolish pride of my mother stepped between us. She tore you from our house—I would have searched for you, and would have found you; but she threatened me with her curse, and I could not bear to have a mother's curse marring the harmonies of our marriage jubilee. I wished to give her time to subdue her pride; I wished to see her alarmed into condescension by a lonely life without me. You were distant, I knew not where; but I did not deem any explanation with you necessary; I had confidence in you—I knew you—I knew that you loved me—I knew that your faithfulness required no promise—no betrothal to make you steadfast.—I knew that, with love in your heart for me, you could never give yourself to another; for you are pure and noble as the pearl in the depths of the ocean. Ah! in my simple and well-disposed life, I never once suspected that human beings were capable of such vileness. And the flood

of their vileness has seized you, my noble pearl, and cast you into this den of wretchedness. But I hasten to rescue you, and happy and making happy, you shall now become mine."

And he listened whilst she related to him how she had suffered in the dark prison, and from the threats which had been held up before her.

"Two letters which I wrote you, remained unanswered; I did not doubt you, but suspected that enemies were between us. And I expected when I came before the judge, to find justice; but when I saw the beadle standing ready to inflict the dreaded punishment, I confessed what you already know."

"Freedom and honor, in the eyes of the world, shall again be yours. The Duke regards me with favor; I could have gone to him, and to-day held your pardon in my hands. But no! wo to those who have misused my betrothed. My betrothed! There is no lady in the land whose name shall be purer than hers, and the vileness of her persecutors, and her innocence, shall become clear as day."

On the same evening, after his interview with Anna, he called upon the most celebrated lawyer of the country, and laid the case in detail before him. When he had heard all, he shook his head.

"The poor girl has confessed to the theft; the sentence is legal, and no appeal is left to a higher court. I would advise you to sue for a pardon."

"Never! never! She is my betrothed, and I will not cease to strive till her innocence becomes as clear as the noon-day."

The record of Anna's case was procured from the judge who had sentenced her. All was here in the most beautiful order—the confession, and the renunciation of all right of further defence—but not one word was said of the long imprisonment, of the threats, or the beadle, whip in hand.

Mrs. Ritter felt pity for her son, who was now so full of trouble. The voice of conscience now spoke more loudly within her heart than her old pride; and she was compelled to acknowledge to herself that she was very guilty,—that she had done very wrong in placing the maiden so craftily in the power of the rude peasant family, and of having intercepted her letters so fraudulently, and of looking on so indifferently when her son left his home. The encomiums paid to her son by the director of the exchequer, for the efforts he was making to establish the maiden's innocence, contributed no little to render her milder.

"If the maiden is really innocent," she at last promised the director, "and is set free by the duke, I will no longer oppose William's union with her."

Some days after the interview with Anna, he was at the director's, with the lawyer he had chosen to prosecute the case, where they had met to confer about the most suitable measures to be taken to prosecute further researches. After they had talked a long time together, the lawyer was called out upon some pressing business, and the director left the room for a little while. William was very fond of children, and he went into the nursery to see his little friends. As he came in, the youngest son of the director asked his sister, who was older than himself, to tell him a story.

"Do tell him one, Emma," said William, with a smile; "I, too, like to hear pretty stories."

And the child related the following:

"Many hundred years ago, there lived in an old town a bishop, who was a pious, benevolent man. He had a great church, with a high tower, from which you could see far, far around the country; and a poor-house. And the bishop used to go up on the top of the tower, and look down on all the country below him; and when he saw any body with bad clothes, or a beggar, he gave them new clothes, and fed the beggar. All the people who had no sons and daughters to work for them, lived in his poor-house, and the bishop took care of them as if they were his own parents, and he was their own son. But the bishop had one great failing; he had a very hasty temper, and did many a thing in an angry moment, of which he afterwards repented bitterly, with fasting and prayer. The bishop had a black raven, which he loved very much; and the raven could talk, and said, every morning, 'Good morning, my lord bishop,' and every evening, he said, 'Good night, my lord bishop.' And the bishop had also a young page, whom he loved better than the polite raven; he was the son of his best friend, who had lost his life in battle in the east. The bishop entrusted to his care all his golden chains, and rings, and precious stones. Once he commanded the page to take out all these precious things, and clean them. When the page brought them back to lock them up in the great chest, where they belonged, the bishop said, 'What have you done with my most beautiful ring, Lewis? the one which the emperor, on his death-bed, gave me?' But the ring was not to be found. 'Miserable wretch, you have stolen it,' cried the bishop, 'and you shall pay for it with your life!' and he called his halberdier, and commanded him to cut off the thief's head. In spite of the lamentations of the page, and his protestations of innocence, and his prayers for his young life, the halberdier seized him and cut off his head. The next morning, when the bishop went up to his tower with his raven, the raven suddenly left his side and flew upon the roof of the tower. The bishop looked after him with surprise. High above him the raven alighted, and searched for something among the tiles, and at last picked up something, shining, with his bill. The bishop recognized the ring, on account of which he had taken the page's young life; the raven had stolen it and hid it in the roof. Then the bishop grew pale, as if a hundred voices cried in his ear, 'murder!'"

William listened no longer—from the mouth of the child he had learned a way in which Anna's innocence might possibly be shown. It might be with her even as it was with the page of the impetuous bishop. It had never been stated that she had given up the ducat which she had been accused of having stolen.

The night was spent by William in reflection. When the day dawned, he went, as quickly as horses could carry him, to the village where lived the farmer in whose house so much shameful suspicion had fallen upon Anna's head. The calmness, the sharp eye of the business man assisted the zeal of the lover. Above all he thought it essential to examine the child to whose unguarded expressions he was disposed to give much importance. He stopped the carriage before the school-house, and held a long conversation with the teacher. As soon as the school was called

after dinner, the schoolmaster called up before him little August, the youngest son of the farmer.

"Tell me," said he, "what did your father give you on your last birth-day?"

"A bright ducat, which Anna stole from me," answered the boy.

"And your mother?"

"Two doves," continued the child; "they sat in the dove-cote above our house. I played all day with the doves, and when it was almost evening, I went down and brought my bright ducat up, and showed it to the doves. But at bed-time I could n't find my ducat, and I cried very much. Mother and father said directly that the wicked Anna had stolen it. The ducat was so bright and beautiful; there was upon it a knight with a drawn sword in his hand; the year of the ducat was 1826, and my father said, 'See, August, the ducat is just as old as you are.' Mother and father sent off, at once, for my uncle, the assessor, and told him that Anna had stolen my ducat. Uncle promised mother that she should go to the work-house for it, and she is there now."

William had written down the boy's story, and, accompanied by the schoolmaster, he went to the magistrate, who had tried Anna and passed sentence upon her. He showed how wantonly he and the assessor had acted. The magistrate seemed disposed to answer haughtily.

"I am Commissary Ritter," said William, resolutely; "the maiden whom you have so maltreated, and whom I am firmly convinced is innocent, is my betrothed. The story of the boy I shall place to-morrow before his highness, the duke, and I shall also inform him that you refuse to grant me a search warrant, in order that I may make an effort to discover whether the ducat, which was supposed to have been stolen, may not have been lost by the child."

"I am ready to give you the search warrant," replied the magistrate, confusedly.

They hastened to the farmer's house, and went up immediately into the dove-cote. Never did a more fervent prayer go up to heaven than that which

rose from William's breast, that the innocence of his beloved one might now become apparent. He searched long, and tore up so hastily the flooring of the little cote, that his hands were wounded by the splinters and nails, and the blood ran freely from them. At last he saw something glittering in a corner, under the boards.

"Here, here, magistrate."

The magistrate stooped.

"It is a ducat."

William tore the piece of money from his hand.

"It is a Dutch ducat; here is an armed man, and here the date 1826. Take the affidavit at once. My Anna is innocent; her innocence is clear as day. The Lord be praised!"

The next number of the *S— Gazette*, contained an advertisement of the superior court of the little kingdom, to the effect that Anna Neukamp, who had been condemned to four years imprisonment for a petty larceny, was entirely innocent of the crime of which she was accused, and that the proceeding against her had been altogether illegal. The assessor and magistrate who had conducted this case, as entirely unworthy to fill their responsible office, had been dismissed from the service of the State. The suit for damages which Anna Neukamp had a right to institute against them, she had determined not to prosecute; and such generosity on the part of one who had been so deeply injured, was worthy of all esteem.

As William and Anna came from the church where they had just been united, William's mother threw herself, weeping, into Anna's arms:

"How deeply have I injured you—can I hope for pardon?"

"I know nothing more, now," answered Anna, "except that I can call the noblest and most faithful man on earth mine, and that you are his mother."

There was never a more happy marriage than that of William and Anna.

THE RUIN'D HEART.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

THERE is a noble temple which, of yore,
Was glorious with a sumptuous garniture
Of shining tapestry, embroider'd o'er
With overhanging magic portraiture:
All lovely and exalted things of earth,
Each bright with glory streaming from on high,
Shifting in beauty, as the volum'd folds
Were mov'd by breezes enrich'd with melody.
And there was wreathing up for evermore
Pure incense, from an altar of bright gold,
Where all sweet thoughts assembled to adore
And touch the sacred fire—with bliss untold.
Then, in that temple, all was light and joy;
And melody and beauty mingled there;—

Now come and look. How dark—how desolate—
How cold—how voiceless—all its chambers are!

Long since, the bitter waters of despair
Quench'd out the fire upon that altar stone;
And Mourning spread her pall of midnight there,
— And Music died, in one low, quivering moan.

Yet oft at midnight, to the bolted door,
Sweet, pensive groups, of spirit memories come,
The dear, familiar faces, shadow'd o'er
With tender sadness by the twilight gloom.

They linger sadly round the ruin'd place,
And plead for entrance with a low, sweet tone;—
But that clos'd portal opens never more,
And Echo answers—I am here alone!

THE WIDOWED MOTHERS.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"Ah! hush thee to slumber, my darling, and heaven bless thy sleep!" almost inaudibly murmured a weeping mother, as she bowed her face over her youngest treasure, and softly kissed the infant brow, which was half hid by the silken curls that caressed it; as she did so, a smile played dreamily over the features of the cherub slumberer, and even through her tears, the fond mother smiled also; but a sigh followed, and turning away from the little crib, she sought a seat by the window, and burying her face in her hands, yielded to the feelings that oppressed her. A boy of eight years hastened to her side, and essayed with his feeble power to give some comfort—twining his arms around her neck, he drooped his young head upon her shoulder, and said, with childish sympathy:

"Oh! mother, it breaks *my* heart too, when you cry. I do n't cry because I am hungry, but it is to see you. I will soon be a man, and then I'll support you and Amy both. You shan't work for those old, mean shops, where they do n't give you your money, when they promise you."

"Thank you, Freddy!" returned his mother. A faint smile stole over her countenance, for the words of her affectionate boy bade hope wreath the future with a garland of happiness. His tenderness, although it was that of a child, was peculiarly grateful to her desponding heart; it gave a purer and more cheerful turn to her feelings, and chiding herself for not remembering her joys amid her sorrows, she drew little Frederick more closely to her heart, and endeavored to lessen her sadness, by telling him tales which he delighted to hear. The stillness of a Sabbath evening was around them; the church bells had ceased their harmonious tolling; the clear beauty of the firmament, and the quiet influences that breathed of His purity, whose day it was, awakened in the mother's bosom a spirit of peace and trustfulness, which looked, for a brief time, beyond the clouds now lowering over her pathway. Little Frederick's bed-time came, and his mother was left entirely to her own thoughts, which took again a cast of deep sadness, although they were free from repining or bitterness. Freddy had gone to bed supperless, yet without complaint. Mrs. Franklin was a woman of refined and delicate feelings, and proud, in some respects, to sensitiveness; she had within two years been left a widow, with none to care for her orphans but herself; left alone in a strange city, whither her husband had removed but a few months before his death. Yielding to necessity, she sought and found employment in plain sewing, at which she was obliged to toil from daybreak until midnight, and then to retire, knowing that the scanty pittance thus wearily obtained, was insufficient for her wants. The day before that on which our story opens, she had been unable to get the sum due her, and the

delay had brought gaunt poverty before her shrinking sight more palpably than ever. The dawning light of a Sabbath morning, which steals serenely into so many hearts, broke over the care-worn mother, stirring a throb of wild anxiety. Before night came, the last food in the house was gone, and thoughts of begging darted across her mind, as her guileless Amy besought with infant importunity for bread; but pride checked the humbling thought, and she hushed the child to sleep amid her tears. She had no friends to appeal to,—the only persons with whom she was acquainted, were the family in the house, part of which she occupied. But so ungracious were the salutations, which she, "the poor widow, in the third story," received, when her rent was not promptly paid, that she dreaded to ask favors in that quarter. Thanking heaven for the oblivion of sleep, she sought her pillow. On the next morning she raised her weary head, with the strong determination of doing all she might to save herself and her helpless children from famine. Her natural independence would have impelled her almost to starve herself, before bending her head in thankful meekness to self-exulting charity-givers; but there were those depending upon her, whose lives were far dearer than her own, and she dared not listen to the voice of that deep pride, which circumstances revealed to her in a stronger light than she had ever dreamed of,—it seemed to live in the very centre of her being, one powerful feeling, which only love for her children could cope with. Long and earnestly she prayed for strength from the Giver of All; mournfully her yearning gaze dwelt upon the innocent countenances of her sleeping children, and yet more than an hour went by, before the struggle in her mind would allow her to appeal to the family of her landlord for aid. At length Frederick awoke, and Amy opened her soft bright eyes, and asked in her musical, childish accents, for "breakfast."

"Yes, love!" briefly replied the anxious mother, half turning away her face, as she received the glad caress of the happy child. Leaving the children, she hastened down stairs, and knocked at the door of the much-dreaded Mrs. Brooks.

"Ah! Mrs. Franklin, walk in," said the lady, in a civil tone, as she opened the door. "Children well?" she continued, after looking a moment in the face of her visitor, which too plainly betrayed her anxiety.

"Pretty well!" was the answer; then with apparent composure was added, "I have a favor to ask of you, Mrs. Brooks."

Here the lady addressed hemmed, and called her little Tobias up to her, to tie his apron string; he twitched, because he said "ma near about choked his neck off." Ma then boxed his ears, and got him crying, which gave her ample scope for scolding and

shaking him, and running over the catalogue of her cares and trials.

"Really, Mrs. Franklin," she said, turning towards her again, "there is no one knows what I have to go through with every day of my life,—I sometimes think I shall go raving distracted; it is a miracle that I've kept my senses as long as I have. It was only yesterday that Stephen cut his hand dreadfully, and we had to have the doctor to dress it, for I was so nervous I could n't look at it, without screaming right out,—and last week Tobias stept his little foot into a sauce-pan of hot water; Martha was holding some candy up high, so that he could not reach it. All these things I have to attend to, and there is hardly a minute of my life, that I can call my own. It wears me out! I suppose people think because Mr. Brooks is getting along very well in his business, and we own this house, that we are quite rich; but a large family like ours, has a thousand expenses, that a small family like yours can know nothing about. I often envy you your tranquillity!"

"Every heart knows its own bitterness!" answered Mrs. Franklin, with a sigh. "I have no one to share my cares with me—to provide for my wants, and give my children bread, or to—"

"Oh! as for that," interrupted Mrs. Brooks, "there is not much in that; for if a person has any energy, there is no danger but what a comfortable living may be made in a city like this. I know very well, that if I was left a widow, I could get along just as well as I do now. I often tell Mr. Brooks that he would have been wealthy years ago, if he had my management. Now, you see if Mr. Brooks should die—(dear, it would kill me, I know,)—but then, just supposing he should, why, I would let out a good many more rooms in this house, and would make money, besides getting my own rent clear—I could manage in a thousand ways, but he must always go in the beaten track; well, I suppose it is all right; there are few men like Mr. Brooks, I never saw any thing to complain of in him, in my life, and we've been married thirteen years next March!"

"If such is the case, you are an uncommonly fortunate woman," replied Mrs. Franklin, who had listened, attentively, to this long string of absurd remarks. She felt the disposition to look steadily and incredulously in the eyes of her contradictory landlady, but she only smiled slightly and politely, for she remembered that the dependent may hardly dare to be frank, even in the expression of their countenances, with those who may, or may not, raise them from want. "I have not yet done my errand," she continued, after a pause. "I was disappointed on Saturday in getting the money which was due me, and it has caused me great inconvenience. Can you lend me a few shillings until this afternoon?"

"Oh, dear! Mrs. Franklin, you have come to the wrong one for money. I hav n't got any change in the house; I should like to oblige you, but I can't do it."

The heart of the wretched widow seemed ready to break, at the cold, decided tone, in which these words were spoken. Crushing her pride, as she thought of her hungry children, she exclaimed, in an agitated manner.

"Oh! Mrs. Brooks, do not deny me this kindness; I will repay you this afternoon!"

"How can I give you money, if I hav n't got any in the house?" sharply inquired Mrs. Brooks.

"Perhaps you may have a trifle that you have overlooked," suggested poor Mrs. Franklin, ready to sink at her humbling position. Her tears could no longer be restrained, and, before she was aware of it, they rolled over her cheek.

This appeared to touch the little feeling possessed by Mrs. Brooks, and simply saying, "I'll see!" she went to her bureau, and returned with a solitary sixpence, declaring that she had no other change. It was accepted in silence; thanks would have choked the unhappy suppliant, who, in vain, tried to force down the bitter, galled feelings, which had burst into life during her interview with her harsh-minded neighbor. She quitted Mrs. Brooks's apartment, and hastily ascended one flight of stairs; then, unable to control her agitation, she sank down upon the lowest step of the next flight, and sobbed passionately.

"Oh, my God! why am I brought to this?" she uttered. "Is all this suffering necessary to subdue the pride of this chafed heart? Do I need such severe trials? Must I see my children starving? It is more than I can bear,—if all were heaped upon my own head, I could bow to the chastener; but not now—not now! I cannot bear it. Why should my lot be so much more wretched than others? Why should it be?" The last sentence was spoken with all the vehemence of excited feeling—with all the agony of a conscientious heart, when restless murmurings against Providence burst suddenly from it. Then, alarmed at her utter want of resignation, she implored: "Oh, Father! save me from myself!" A calm came down from heaven in answer to that petition—a ray of light broke in upon the gloom, and a spirit of thankfulness arose in her troubled bosom, that there was an Almighty arm upon which she might trustfully repose amid the most bewildering griefs. Composed by an humble resignation, she dried her tears, and endeavored to smooth her aching brow, that it might not reveal to Freddy a tale of sadness. When she entered the apartment, to which she could give the sheltering name of home, she compared its affectionate peace with the noisy spirit of harshness which disturbed, continually, the quiet of Mrs. Brooks's family. She sank in a chair, and Amy, laughingly, clambered in her lap, to indulge in the playful caresses which Mrs. Franklin had so little time to encourage; the gay triumph in her roguish eyes, told very plainly that the dimpled hands she pressed upon her mother's shoulders, were intended to hold her prisoner as long as possible away from her work.

"I guess Amy is n't very hungry, or she'd be thinking whether mother had got any money for our breakfast," said Frederick, modestly, by way of suggesting his wants to his mother's notice.

"Run to the baker's, Freddy," replied his mother, with a compassionate smile, as she handed him her tiny silver treasure.

Away he went, with a 'huzza,' and a step as bounding as if his sixpence would buy all New York. Mrs. Franklin's eyes followed him with a beaming glance of satisfaction:

"My children do not really suffer," she thought; "they are far happier than the unfortunate little

Brooks'. I have it in my power to do much towards showing them the way to heaven. Perhaps these very trials so discipline my rebellious spirit, as to make me infinitely more useful to their young souls. Why, then, should I repine, if present care may enhance, in a measureless degree, the happiness of us all in a future world? Much of my suffering proceeds from a want of true faith in the doings of Providence. I fear, lest I shall be unable to bear the burden of my present lot, that I shall sink under the slow, daily, corroding care, which oftener saps the life of the strongest heart, than trials which appear a thousand-fold greater. But the wind is ever tempered to the shorn lamb, and I must only scrutinize my constant motives of action severely, and do all that seems to lie in my power, leaving the rest to Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Let me try only to be resigned at the present moment, and the future will be stript of its dark coloring."

This healthy train of thought was interrupted by the entrance of Freddy, who, in high glee, swung his loaf of bread around by the corners of the napkin that enveloped it. When the meagre breakfast of bread and water was over, Mrs. Franklin applied herself diligently to her sewing, and her busy fingers were typical of her thoughts. As she lifted her failing heart upward, it grew strong in submission to the will of heaven. Thus weeks, and months, and even years, went on, and, as time wrote its tracery upon her soul, there might be seen, instead of a corroded and weakened spirit, a strengthened and trustful one. She had never found her burden *more* than she could bear, for her faith increased until it was unwavering, and, in her greatest emergencies, a watchful Providence was ever near to save from absolute despair.

The children grew up, and Frederick repaid, by his labors, the devotion of her who had wept and toiled with an aching bosom over his infant years. Amy, now a lovely girl, was the sharer of her cares, and happiness and contentment smiled beneath the still humble roof that claimed them. But the content there was not that which springs from outward things; it was far above it, and, therefore, when aught disturbed its even flow, there was still a preserving principle, which gave power to bring back the peace that had flown for a time.

It was not so with our friend Mrs. Brooks. Her supposition that she might be left a widow was realized, and to her great mortification she discovered that her management was not skilful enough to take the place of her husband's, and that her energetic plans failed. Her children had been too badly trained, to agree always with their mother in opinion; Stephen and Tobias preferred to stand on corners of the street, devoting their attention to a cigar and a coarse companion, instead of business. Martha would not work for her living, when her idle brothers lived at their ease, upon the little property left by Mr. Brooks. Poverty frowned upon them in the distance, then gradually approached, and her unhappy situation sunk with the gloom of death upon the worn feelings of Mrs. Brooks. Her little all was soon wasted, through the heedlessness of her children. One cold, bitter morning in January, she hastily threw on her bonnet and cloak, and sought the residence of her former tenant, Mrs. Franklin, who still lived in the

same neighborhood. With a hesitating hand she rang the bell that was to usher her into the presence of one whom she had so coldly regarded, when their positions in life were different. She was shown into a room where Mrs. Franklin and her daughter were seated; the latter was engaged over a drawing, but upon the entrance of Mrs. Brooks she instantly arose, and welcomed her with a most gentle smile,—for she saw traces of sorrow and tears upon the countenance where she had so often beheld marks of angry passion. Mrs. Franklin was easy and polite, but somewhat less cordial in her manner. After the usual inquiries of old acquaintances, Mrs. Brooks said, with an evident effort, and changing color,

"I have called, Mrs. Franklin, to see if you would take my daughter to learn the various kinds of sewing you do,—she could then obtain work at a large fancy store, where we are acquainted. I suppose you have heard how we have become reduced?"

The poor woman here burst into a passionate flood of tears. Amy's eyes filled to the brim, and she cast an imploring glance at her mother, who looked down in thoughtful silence. There was a struggle in her mind; the past came vividly before her, and for a time pride triumphed over gentler emotions; but the true and more constant spirit that pervaded her nature, again asserted its sway. She feared that Martha was not a fit companion for her noble Amy, but she also felt that the power to benefit the wild, untrained girl, was hers; and where one person is made better, it is impossible but that the influence should be extended. By making it her daughter's ambition to elevate the moral character of poor Martha, she would destroy, in a great measure, the bad influence which the latter might have. The two young girls would not be constantly associated; for Amy, who had with great industry cultivated a fine taste, was occupied every afternoon in teaching drawing and painting in several schools. Mrs. Brooks had sufficient time to dry her tears, while Mrs. Franklin was busy revolving her proposition in her mind. The anxious, warm-hearted Amy, understood her mother's countenance well enough to be assured that a favorable answer was coming, and she felt perfectly content when Mrs. Franklin said, slowly,

"Well, if your daughter desires it, I am willing to try her awhile. Whether she succeeds, must depend upon her own efforts;—I would rather not take her, but I have long known that poverty and widowhood united, call for kindness from friends. If it will oblige you, let her come as soon as you think best."

Mrs. Brooks crimsoned to the forehead, as she almost inarticulately expressed her thanks; a vague feeling that her own nature was far less kind, humbled and softened her—a faint desire to merit the tender look of sympathy which Amy bestowed, found place in her heart. She arose hastily, and after bidding Mrs. Franklin adieu, wrung the hand of the fair girl, who cordially held out hers, and whispered her to present her regards to Martha. The next trial which awaited Mrs. Brooks, was to get her daughter to accept the situation provided for her; this was no easy task, for the young lady was extremely self-willed. After her mother had expatiated very eloquently upon the good qualities of Mrs. Franklin and

Amy, and the neat, cheerful appearance of their little home, Martha impatiently exclaimed,

"Do tell me the pith of the matter?—what took you there?"

"Well, my dear, you know that we are going to ruin as fast as we can, and unless something is done for our support, we shall starve, some of these days."

"Oh, yes, I have heard that every day for a year. I suppose you want me to go out and drudge to keep the boys in idleness—but no, indeed! I am all ready to go to ruin, if I have got to do that. It is their place to support us, and I will not reverse it, no matter what comes. Let things come to the very worst pass; then, if they find out that I am obstinate, they will get into some business."

"They will never take care of us!" answered Mrs. Brooks, bursting into tears. "O, Martha! you are the only one in the world that I can place any dependence upon,—do n't be so hard hearted! If we do not befriend each other in our afflictions, who will feel an interest in us?"

The young girl was silent a few moments, and the fire that glowed in her determined eye faded away before a mist of tears,—she was not really bad at heart, but she held out against her mother's persuasions, as she would have done against those of any other person who advised a course of which she did not approve. They were not accustomed to the soft interchanges of affection, and therefore it was that Mrs. Brooks had so little power over a firm nature like Martha's. But she had, at last, touched the right chord, and her brief expression of confidence in her daughter gained her point. The next day Martha Brooks and Amy Franklin were seated side by side, their fingers and tongues alike busy. Martha melted beneath the frank and friendly sweetness of her companion, and her heart filled with unaccustomed joy, at the thought of being cared for by one so good and lovely.

When evening began to close in, she felt a positive reluctance to quit her new quarters, and found it required an effort to start home. It smoothed the anxious brow of her mother to hear a relation of all that had passed. Martha dwelt, with a mingling of admiration and sadness, upon the pleasure the return of Frederick from his business seemed to give. His warm, respectful tenderness to his mother; his fondness for Amy; and the confiding affection with which it was returned on her part; how different was it from the blustering deportment of Stephen and Tobias!

"Ah, mother!" sadly exclaimed the young girl, "why are we so different? I never could become like Amy if I should try a thousand years,—and yet, when I was there, I felt as gentle and kind as if I had been brought up as well as—"

Martha paused and reddened. She knew that her miserable education had been but little calculated to curb wrong impulses, and to mould her character so that she might have been worthy the regard of the gentle and good. Mrs. Brooks keenly felt the half-uttered reproach. With more mildness than usual, she replied,—

"It is never too late to begin to do well."

"Perhaps not. But, the later, the more difficult. If I should live at Mrs. Franklin's altogether, I am

sure I would change rapidly for the better. But, mother, I did not mean to hurt your feelings," Martha continued, as she noticed her mother's face grow pale.

"You would be glad to leave me, then? I never thought to see myself of so little interest to my children. I have no earthly joy amid all my sorrows."

"Do n't think so, mother!" returned Martha, touched with feeling, as, for the first time in years, she pressed a warm kiss upon her parent's cheek. Then she blushed at her unaccustomed display of affection, and, turning away in a fluttered manner, caught up a broom and began to sweep, to dispel the choking in her throat. The mother's tears fell faster, and, as the busy sweeper threw a furtive glance upon her, the softened gaze that was rivetted on her face stirred a resolve in her heart to make herself worthy of being loved.

The next day Martha prepared, with alacrity, to go to Mrs. Franklin's. Amy welcomed her smilingly, and, throughout the day, the golden chain of gentleness was woven around the feelings of the young seamstress. She was at once firm in disposition, and strongly influenced by those who won her confidence; quick in perception, and apt to be swayed, in a great degree, by her affections and antipathies. The few months passed under the roof of Mrs. Franklin made the beginning of a permanent change of character; the purity and softness of Amy were stronger, in their restraining power, than a hand of iron. The kind and consistent, but unobtrusive advice of Mrs. Franklin, was not without its effect.

"It is no effort to be what I ought to be, here," thought poor Martha, as she bent over her sewing, one afternoon, in deep thought; it was the last she was to spend at Mrs. Franklin's. "But my trials commence when I go home; it is like leaving heaven for earth. At home I meet with temptations continually; it is so difficult to restrain angry feelings, when I see my brothers ready to deprive us of our little comforts, without a shadow of thought or feeling. And yet Tobias is kinder to me now than he used to be—" she mused, as a faint hope of his reform checked the tear that started in her eye. "Oh, if I might but be the instrument to save him! This shall be my perpetual effort and prayer—to this I will devote myself, yet, so unobtrusively, that he shall not dream of my design. Why may not a kindly charm be thrown around our home, as well as that of others? Mother is far gentler than she used to be, and I will try to be patient and cheerful!"

It was, indeed, like going from heaven to earth to leave the happy house of Mrs. Franklin for her own, but, rightly considering that a broad field of duty lay before her, Martha met her daily trials with the strong and uncomplaining firmness of a devoted woman. And she reaped the reward of her self-sacrificing labors, for, after many discouragements, she lived to see her brothers changed entirely, and become industrious, useful, and respected members of society.

Both Martha and Amy were married in good time to worthy men. The young men, too, took to themselves helpmates; but the two widows, satisfied and happy with the attentions of their children, never changed their condition.

THE DYING NIGHTINGALE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

"Oh! miserable me!"—CALDERON.

BIRDS of the wilderness!

Ye woodland choristers of many dyes!
Wake ye not in the night at my distress,
Poured forth more deep than all your melodies?
How can ye sleep beneath the boundless sea
Of my soul's grief poured forth in melody?

Why was to my heart given

A more impassioned fulness than to thine?
Why should it be by its own richness riven—
Doomed, by its own sweet eloquence, to pine—
Distracting thus the silence of the night
With its deep, fiery, mournful undelight?

Night is the time for sleep—

By day-time all the other minstrels sing—
While, for its own deep love, my heart must weep
Itself away, in song—as with the spring
Faieth the river—that it cannot find
One mate, on earth, for its earth-hating mind!

Oh! why was it my fate

To find, for my impassioned soul, relief
Only by pouring out disconsolate
And bitter strains, to ease my heart's deep grief?
For, as the streams of their rough shoals complain,
So does my heart of grief in this sad strain!

Where is the friend to grant

Requit for my grief in this deep strain?
Some faithful friend to share in my complaint,
And half-partake with me its bitter pain?
Mute is my mate—though drowned beneath the flood
Of my soul's grief poured forth in solitude!

Yes—mute is my soul's mate!

She cannot sing to share with me this strain,
Through which my soul tells of its bitter fate—
Whose doom, in this dark world, is to complain!
No, she is silent—silent, on yon bough,
As death itself—mute as my own soul now!

THE FALLS OF THE COHOES, ON THE MOHAWK RIVER.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

THE sun's red globe has sunk beneath the wave,
And night's dim banner waves the mountain o'er;
Soft, silver light, the dancing surges lave,
As wafted slow they kiss the sandy shore.
How calm, how still—how (let me say) divine,
Breaks forth on me and man's unhappy race,
Yon floating moon, from her ethereal shrine,
Which is the blue infinity of space,
Checking the rifted branches of the trees,
And scattering glory on yon lofty rock,
That, as a giant basking in the breeze,
Braving forever Time's all wasting shock.
Luna o'erpowers the stars with lucid glory—
Spangling the measureless expanse on high,
Where the broad "milky way," with gems all hoary,
Looks a shining pathway in the sky!
Above—around—creation seems adoring,
In mute, but fervent songs, her Maker's praise.

15*

With the great Mohawk flood, I now hear roaring,
Leaping forever in dread glee the same!
Yon gulf, looks as eternity, where leaps
The mass of giddy waters.—Bounding through
Yon dreadful chasm, how the river sweeps
Down the steep cliffs all hoary to the view.
O heaven! it is a glorious scene to see,—
From this colossal mountain reared in air,
Our thoughts as wings of wild-born eagles free,
Our souls unshackled by the chains of care,—
Nature and her great mysteries spread around,
And near, the Spirit who created them—
He who inhabits space—who sitteth crowned
With everduring glory's diadem!
As parent, and as friend, He will sustain
Our souls through life and all its wayward road,
And when Death shall the fount of nature drain,
He yet will prove our Father and our God!

177

THE STAR OF FROG VALLEY.

BY MARY MORTON.

IN a corner of our state, bearing the euphonious title of Frog Valley, once lived a family by the name of Little; but the eldest daughter, Miss Sarah Ann, or Seraphina Angeline, was no little personage. I suppose it would be perfectly proper to introduce you to Mr. Little, the lord of the mansion, and Mrs. Little, his amiable help-mate, with some dozen copies of the two, and to the little brown mansion over which Mr. Little, senior, presided. But this might not be agreeable, for Miss Seraphina always avoided such introductions when she could do so, cleverly, from which ill-natured people very strangely inferred that she was ashamed of her lineage. However, the Littles were not persons to be ashamed of; for they were good, sensible, honest and industrious people. They clothed and fed their family comfortably, and gave them, besides the advantages of a common school education, access to much of the cheap literature of the day; and, in consequence, not a family around, possessed so much general information as the Littles. But such a course of reading is not without its disadvantages; and the peculiar temperament of the eldest daughter, made it, to her, especially dangerous.

When Miss Seraphina Little was about sixteen years of age, an event occurred which "called forth all the sensibilities of her nature," and probably influenced, in a great degree, her final destiny. Her bosom friend and confidant, (for young ladies must have confidants, whether they have any thing to confide or not,) Miss Dorothy Jane Hopkins, bade a long farewell to Frog Valley, and took her departure for a boarding-school, which she *patronized one whole quarter*. Miss Hopkins, it must be owned, was inferior to her friend in intelligence, but the large house and heavy purse of 'Squire Hopkins, were enough to make the merits of poor Seraph kick the beam. When Miss Dorothy Jane returned, a change was observable in her;—she was not the same in person, dress or manners, and even the face, formerly about as expressive as those which grace the fashion-plates, had gained a something which poor Seraphina Little readily pronounced scorn. No wonder then, that Seraph's heart was breaking; and every body knows that broken-hearted people write verses, so no wonder that Seraph became a poetess. Breaking rhymes with aching, and that again with quaking, and so Seraph ascended at once into the regions of sublimity, in order, to use her own words, that she might

"Carve her name
On the highest rock of the temple of fame."

At first, people smiled to see Miss Seraphina Little writing poetry; but when, on one fourth of July, she produced sixteen verses, all about the "star spangled banner" and "home of the brave," the old

pioneers of the neighborhood, who, knowing all about felling trees, making brush fences, building log houses, &c. must be infallible judges of poetry, dubbed her the "Sigourney of Frog Valley." One would think this quite enough for any seeker after fame, but not so with the ambitious Seraphina Little; for she had learned what, it must be owned, but few of her neighbors knew; that there was a world beyond the limits of Frog Valley; and so she concluded that the afore-said "rock" must be somewhere above the cranium of 'Squire Hopkins and his compeers. We have no fault to find with this conclusion; we only deprecate the folly that would break down the platform under one's own feet, because there happens to be one above it. But Seraphina did this—having gained one step she scorned the stepping-stone; and thus it was not long before she became well-versed in the loneliness which is said to be the portion of the gifted, and experienced her full share of neglect from the "proud worldling." But this is the fate of genius, and Seraphina resolved to bear her lot as became a daughter of song—that is, sigh half of the time, and rail at the world the other half.

Thus passed away month after month, until, following the fashion of men, they united in one society and formed a year, and then another year vanished, and another, and Seraphina was more of a genius than ever. Almost every week the "Censor," and the "Eagle," and several other papers, much celebrated in the county where our poetess resided, were graced with stanzas, surmounted by a sign bearing the words, "By Miss Seraphina A. D. Little." The D. by the way, stood for Dorothy, Miss Dorothy Jane Hopkins, having long since repented of her temporary estrangement; and joined in the worship readily accorded the star of Frog Valley.

But strange to say, there was one too short-sighted to see the brilliancy of this star, and too narrow-minded to place any just estimate upon the incense offered by the worshippers. Mrs. Little, poor, ignorant woman that she was, declared that there was reading enough in the world, and was even mercenary enough, to hint, that Miss Seraphina could not afford to bestow all her time and attention on a pursuit that yielded no recompense. She did not know how much above such vulgar considerations a poetess, and a Seraph withal, must be, although the change in her daughter's appearance might well have convinced her of the fact. From the nice, trig damsel that had been the mother's pride, she had become a complete slattern; for she had somehow ascertained the fact, that genius is directly opposed to neatness and order; and that the surest marks of a literary woman are, uncombed hair, ill-arranged dress, soiled stockings, and shoes down at the heel.

Taste, Miss Little had somehow discovered to be a

quality altogether unintellectual, a kind of animal propensity that every person of genius was bound to mortify; and economy, whether domestic or political, the characteristic of a contracted mind, and alike degrading to the statesman and the housewife. We do not consider this last discovery any evidence of original genius in our heroine, for, if the truth must be owned, we strongly suspect it was made before her day; but we do claim her adoption of the sentiment to be an evidence of her uncommon sense, if not her unlikeness to the rest of the world. Then, like the bard, who "never did as other men would do," she despised the conventional usages of society, and showed by her studied disregard of all rules, that she considered herself superior to such follies, and looked down, in scorn, upon those who subjected themselves to the restraints of civility.

Such was Miss Little at twenty-five, when another event occurred which influenced, in no trifling degree, her destiny. We have hitherto neglected to record how often her heart was broken by inconstant lovers, after the first great breaking that made her a poetess, because we supposed our readers would understand this to be a matter of course; and the limits assigned the valiant Don Quixotte, would be altogether insufficient to contain a relation of the particulars of each. Now, however, the case was different; and the lover, a fine fat widower of forty, or thereabouts, was really in earnest. This was very far from being Miss Little's beau ideal; and she may be forgiven for giving a few sighs to the Thaddeuses, the Wallaces, and the long train of lords in disguise, and kings who abjured the crown and descended to the cottage all for love, who had been for years pictured on the kaleidoscope of her imagination. Yet the sigh was momentary, and brightened into a smile when she thought of the generosity of her future lord; for had he not promised, that, notwithstanding the six little ones of which she would at once be constituted mother, nothing should ever interfere with her literary pursuits; and that he would, himself, like a true knight, be ever devoted to her interests? Now this promise, ladies, is a very important thing, and all who are about committing matrimony, would do well to look to it. A very generous lover, indeed, who would release his lady-love from the duties imposed, not by himself, but by her station, voluntarily assumed! and we cannot but think that ladies would do well to avail themselves of this generosity, as he has full as much right to remove these responsibilities, as the Pope to grant his devoted followers indulgences. I do not pretend to be able to fathom Mr. Joshua Brooks' motives in espousing the fair poetess, but I am perfectly willing to pass over the reasons assigned by the neighbors, and put all down to the account of Miss Little's charms. She was rather pretty, and very gentle, and, maugre her grand hobby, quite a pleasing companion; but of one thing we are certain, the gentleman had not the least idea of Mrs. Brooks ever being a poetess. As we have said, he was a widower, and widowers know precisely the worth of promises; so his were made in perfect good faith; that is, in the faith that the marriage tie would dissolve all.

A few weeks after our friend Seraphina had been duly installed mistress of Mr. Joshua Brooks' family, a volume of "Poems" issued from the press, bearing,

on the title page, the name of the "Hon. Mrs. Joshua Brooks;" and this constituted the third era in the life of our authoress. There were so many ill-natured people to wonder how the prefix of "Hon." was obtained, that Mrs. Brooks might have saved a great deal of cavilling by issuing a circular informing her numerous friends that her husband was third cousin to an honorable gentleman once nominated for Congress, and prevented from being elected only by *accident*. Some of our readers may wonder how Mrs. Brooks' "poems" ever found their way to the press; but they must remember that widowers, particularly about the time of making proposals, are very obliging, and have always been distinguished for their generosity; and they must remember that the name of the authoress having changed while the MS. was in the hands of the printers, the change could very easily be transferred to the title-page.

To say that Mrs. Brooks married for love, and love only, would perhaps be doing injustice to her superior discernment; for, although a very romantic young lady, she could not but see that, provided her liege lord kept his promises, (which, by the way, she did not for a moment doubt,) her condition would be very materially improved. Her dear Dorothy Jane had married the post-master at Frog Valley, and was so engrossed with the cares of a family, as to be utterly unmindful of poetry and poetesses, and other particular friends she had none—for it is very unromantic to have more than one friend at a time—and our authoress had considered all but Miss Hopkins as belonging to the "vulgar herd," concerning which her pen discoursed eloquently. Then her father had, evidently, become quite in earnest in his plans to free himself from his honors, (for honors are very expensive,) and had given sundry serious hints concerning the blacksmith that had three distinct times smiled upon the fair Seraph; and Mrs. Little had plainly declared that one genius in a family is quite sufficient to ruin the whole; and unless she could be in some way disposed of, or brought to reason by mild measures, parental authority should be used to make the young lady useful in spite of herself. Besides this, Mr. Brooks had admired her genius, and professing a decided literary taste himself, she saw the road to fame opened directly before her. Alas! alas! that such hopes should be crushed, and such confidence misplaced! Before Mrs. Brooks had been three weeks a wife, her husband yawned while listening to some of her finest passages, and in less than three months he ridiculed her peculiarities as much as though he had never praised them; but the climax of his cruelty, was one day, half in playfulness, half in vexation, snatching her pen from her hand, and throwing it into the fire. Then was Mrs. Brooks a poor persecuted wife; and from that day forth, her plaintive strains grew yet more plaintive, for again was her heart broken.

It would be a sad task to follow our heroine through the long years of misery that now ensued; for how could she, who had once gathered the flowers of poesy, descend to the drudgery of domestic life? Mr. Brooks, who had never been wealthy, found his income suffering from the mismanagement, or rather no management at all, of his wife, and grew each day more and more morose; while the martyr-like

air of silent complaint that she assumed, together with the remarks of neighbors concerning them, annoyed him exceedingly; the arrangements of his house were a constant source of mortification to him, and his children were entirely neglected. He was not the man (if such a man exists) to bear these evils patiently, and the way he took to eradicate them, was the very worst that could have been been adopted. There was but one way of making any impression on Mrs. Brooks, and that was by kindness; patiently winning her to become interested in her duties, and even this might have failed; but it was, at least, worth trying. Mr. Brooks, however, did not try it, and, at last, finding his home too uncomfortable, he forsook it almost entirely, making a visit only once or twice in the course of the year. This absence afforded the wife a happy respite from her troubles, and again her pen was employed "*pro bono publico*." Alas! that the public should be deprived of this intended benefit; but Mrs. Brooks had now no assiduous lover to bring her lucubrations before the world, and they were obliged to lie, in unhonored oblivion, in the obscurity of the garret.

Meanwhile her own children, as well as her step-children, were growing up around her, and being entirely destitute of a mother's care, furnished ample grounds for the comments of neighbors, and even filled her with scarce-defined fears in regard to them. Now she spoke of blighted hopes and wasted affections sincerely; for, a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother, she could not claim the sympathy of any human being; and if she was loved, it was only with that kind of love that we always feel for those who are placed in near relationship to us. Poor Seraph! this cold world is a sad spot for those who are above its common places, and bitterly did she experience all its coldness. Some ridiculed, and some pitied her, and even those who pitied ridiculed and blamed.

Thus passed years, not unnoted, for each, sometime during its stay, planted a grey hair, or traced a wrinkle, or left some new pain, as a remembrance; and the Brooks' were at the very bottom of the wheel of fortune. The misconduct of their children weighed heavily on the hearts of both the parents; but, although they sighed, in unison, when they looked upon them, there was no union nor sympathy in their hearts, but only bitterness against each other. Each regarded the other as the cause of all their misfortune, and this recrimination, following close on the heels of want and sorrow, filled up those moments of forgetfulness, when gleams of happiness will somehow continue to glance across the minds of the most miserable. Then disappointment, that dashing down of high hopes, who could endure it? Not poor Mrs. Brooks, and, after struggling and toiling, year after year, for a phantom, neglecting her highest duties, wrecking her happiness, and wearing out health and life in the exciting chase, she died; fully conscious that her name would pass from the earth with her, and that even those who must necessarily remember it, would never pronounce it in love or honor.

It is said that the life of each individual furnishes a lesson to survivors. If so, we who live in this age of biographies should be very wise; that is if we can read the lesson. Lest, however, our readers may be too much interested in the fate of our authoress to glean our moral, we would say to every literary young lady, beware how, even for the highest good, you neglect such trivial things as neatness, order, taste, industry, and economy, unless you have the self-sacrificing spirit of Mrs. Brooks, and are willing to subject yourself and friends to like sufferings. And to all young ladies, whether literary or not, we would say, beware of depending too much upon the promises of lovers, and, above all, widower lovers, especially when they promise what no human being has a right to perform.

MUSIC DROPS.

Dropping down! Dropping down!
From the earth's encircling crown,
From each light in it that gleameth,
From each silver star that beameth,
There are drops of music stealing,
On each thought, and on each feeling,—
'Till a holy light enshrines us,
Softening the chain that binds us,
Dropping on! Dropping on!
'Till the pain is almost gone.

Welling up! Welling up!
From the flower's tiny cup,
From the pure and crystal fountain,
Daughter of the frowning mountain,—
From the spangled frost that gleams
In the young morn's pensive beams,

There are drops of music swelling,
And within our bosoms dwelling,—
Welling up! Welling up!
Tempering life's bitter cup.

Precious drops! Precious drops!
From a source that never stops;—
Where is he could upward look
Upon heaven's starry book,—
Or, bending o'er the lily's folds,
Breathe the music that it holds,
And not feel his spirit stirr'd,
As if angel-tones he heard
Dropping down! Welling up!
Sweetening life's bitter cup.

J. C. B.

THE SMUGGLER'S BOAT.

BY L. A. WILMER.

(See Plate.)

THE records of smuggling on the coast of England furnish many adventures which for romantic incredibility are unmatched, perhaps, among all the occurrences of real life. The following narrative, although by no means as frightful and horrible in its details as many other stories relating to similar scenes and incidents, will exemplify the ferocity and audacity frequently exhibited by persons engaged in the contraband trade.

At a small British sea-port lived Mr. James Markley, a gentleman of superior education, considerable landed property and great amiability; but for reasons which will be explained as we proceed, much less popular than he deserved to be in his own neighborhood. He was a widower with two children,—Catharine, a very charming maiden of eighteen, and James, a mere child, who had not yet reached his eighth summer. Mr. Markley was in the commission of the peace, and as a magistrate was rather more exact in the administration of justice than his neighbors thought necessary: for, be it understood, that most of Mr. Markley's neighbors were disposed to connive at those violations of the revenue laws which enabled them to procure certain commodities at a reduced price; and, as self-interest is an obscure medium through which to examine the morality of any practice, it was very difficult to make them believe that they were pursuing a very censurable course.

As soon as Mr. Markley became vested with the requisite authority, he made a vigorous movement for the suppression of this illicit business, and called on the more respectable inhabitants of the neighborhood to assist him in that good work. But few responded to the call, while many felt indignant at his interference with what they had learned to consider a privilege; viz. the purchase of goods fraudulently introduced into the country. It is lamentable to see how the moral sense of a whole community can be blunted by long indulgence in one vicious custom.

One day, Mr. Markley received information that a party of smugglers had landed with a quantity of merchandize which they intended to convey to the interior. He immediately armed his servants and a few others on whom he could depend, and proceeded to intercept the "free traders," as they called themselves, on the route they had taken with a wagon load of their commodities. The wagon was but indifferently guarded by six or eight men, four of whom were made prisoners after a slight resistance, and the others, at the first glimpse of the magistrate with his formidable posse, betook themselves to flight, leaving their goods in the possession of the victorious

party. In the haste and excitement of this surprise Mr. Markley did not observe that he was followed by his little son, who, from the curiosity natural to his age, had kept within view of the whole transaction. The lad, as if sensible of a fault in thus following the party without his father's permission, endeavored, after the skirmish was over, to return by a different route, but was met on the way by two of the retreating smugglers; one of whom, being an old resident of the neighborhood, immediately recognized him. These men seized the child, threatened him with death if he made a noise or attempted to escape, and conducted him to the spot on the sea side, where the smugglers could make signals to their comrades in their boat which lay at some distance from the shore.

The boat, a small sloop-rigged craft, approached and took them on board, when the whole crew were horrified with intelligence of their disaster, the loss of their goods and the capture of their companions. Rage with these men was a stronger emotion than grief; and when it was understood that the son of the man, against whom they uttered the most bitter imprecations, was in their boat and entirely at their mercy, it was difficult for Ben Hodges, the chief of the gang, to restrain them from the immediate sacrifice of the boy. Hodges having, with great exertion, silenced the clamors of his blood-thirsty company, addressed them to the following effect:—

"Comrades, you may think it a very fine thing to take revenge on Mr. Markley, but do you observe that the murder of this lad will not bring back our teas and tobacco, nor liberate our friends who have been made prisoners? It is well known that Markley is doatingly fond of his children. The loss of this boy, (whom I have nursed many a time and should hate to see foolishly murdered,) would cut him to the heart and leave him nearly desolate. It would be a pity—"

Here the speaker was interrupted by a groan or yell of disapprobation.

"Yes," continued Hodges, raising his voice, "I say it would be a pity, as well as a sin, to murder the boy. But seeing that you have neither compassion nor conscience, I did n't intend to talk about the pity or the sin to *you*. Here is the whole matter: do you want your goods back and a neat sum of money to boot? Do you want to have our comrades liberated? Answer to that."

"Ay, ay; certainly; to be sure we do," sounded from all parts of the boat.

"Why, then," resumed the orator, "you have only to let Markley know that we have his son, and

that the only condition on which he can be restored, is the return of our wares, the payment of so much money by way of ransom, and the release of our fellows. And let me tell you that the agony of the father's heart, when he finds that his child is subjected to the tender mercies of such a gang of cut-throats, will be revenge enough to satisfy even *your* demon-like cravings."

"Well, Hodges," said a ferocious looking fellow named Brinkley, the second in command, "we are willing to hear any thing like reason, and as long as we can depend upon your fair dealing, we submit to your direction. But take care!—should you be caught playing the traitor, you will not find us babies. As for this brat, if his father chooses to ransom him in the way you speak of, well and good; if not, he dies, and your interference can't save him."

"No," growled another of the savages, "but it may endanger himself."

Hodges discovered that his own situation was perilous, and whatever his motives might be for endeavoring to save the life of young James Markley, a selfish regard for his own safety made him promise his men that in case Mr. Markley proved obstinate, the boy should be sacrificed.

This agreement being made and concluded, one of the crew was put ashore and instructed to convey the proposition of the smugglers to an old fisherman who occupied a hut on the beach, and was often engaged in such missions, with directions for him to lose no time in transmitting the terms of the child's release to Mr. Markley. In the meanwhile, the boy had been missed from home, and the apprehensions of his father were changed to the most distressing certainty, when the fisherman arrived with the message from the smugglers. For some time the unhappy parent was so overwhelmed with this calamity, that he sat apparently stupefied, and seemed to be incapable of thought, speech or action. The messenger, who was not a little in the smugglers' interest, while observing the dreadful effects of the intelligence he brought on the father's mind, flattered himself that the negotiation would be successful; that Mr. Markley would readily avail himself of the terms proposed. By way of rousing Mr. Markley, he desired to know what he intended to do.

"My duty," promptly answered the upright magistrate. "It is unlawful for me to make any composition with these men. I would gladly exchange situations with my son; but at the peril of both our lives, the law must take its course. The prisoners and the merchandise shall not be given up; but I am ready to go to my child and share his fate—be it captivity or death."

He then arose and prepared himself to accompany the messenger to the sea shore. He gave orders and made arrangements for the safe conveyance of the forfeited goods to the custom house stores, and the captured smugglers to prison. He then imprinted a kiss, in all probability his last, on the brow of his fair daughter Catharine, and signified to the fisherman that he was ready to go with him. Unarmed and unattended, except by the ancient messenger, he reached the spot on the beach which the fisherman designated as being within hailing distance of the smugglers' craft. Before Mr. Markley had deter-

mined on this desperate course, he probably reflected that as smuggling vessels were generally swift sailers, pursuit would be difficult; and if that were even attempted, the desperadoes would probably execute their purposes of vengeance on the child as soon as the chase was commenced. Indeed, to any one who understood the character of those lawless men, there must have appeared a fearful probability that the boy would be slaughtered the very moment that the refusal to comply with their demands was made known. Mr. Markley must, in these circumstances, have entertained but a feeble hope of saving his son's life, and his extreme parental tenderness inspired him with the rash determination to perish with that beloved child. This determination was too much like that of the suicide to escape censure.

By this time the fair and amiable Catharine had become acquainted with the dangerous condition of her young brother, and from the report of a servant who had been present at the interview between her father and the messenger from the smugglers, she guessed at her parent's intention to deliver himself up to his infuriated enemies, either to die with the innocent hostage or to purchase his life with the voluntary surrender of his own. No sooner did this truth flash on Catharine's mind than she rushed wildly from the house, bent on some frantic purpose, without having a distinct perception in her mind what that purpose was. At the end of the lane she encountered Mr. Rawlings, a very worthy young man, and one of the numerous suitors who had contended for her hand. Her disordered and maniacal appearance surprised and alarmed him, he stopped her, and with much difficulty, gained from her incoherent replies the particulars of her distress. Rawlings intreated Catharine to return to the house and compose herself, making her a solemn pledge that he would either rescue her father and brother, or sacrifice himself in the effort. Having much confidence in the prudence and courage of her lover, Catharine was somewhat calmed by this assurance, but, to Rawling's great embarrassment, she insisted on accompanying him and taking some part in the deliverance of her relatives. However, being quite aware of the difficulties of the undertaking, Rawlings proceeded with heroic intrepidity to the execution of his design. He armed every man in the neighborhood whom he supposed to be attached to the interest of his own family or that of Mr. Markley.

There were but two vessels in the harbor at the time, a small American merchantman and a still smaller craft attached to the revenue service. To lieutenant Harding, the naval officer commanding the latter, Mr. Rawlings explained the occurrences of the day. In the consultation that followed, after duly considering the likelihood that the smugglers were on the alert, their habits of constant watchfulness making a surprisal extremely difficult, and the extraordinary swiftness of their vessels, rendering pursuit nearly hopeless, it was agreed to invite the co-operation of the American captain. The latter promptly complied with the demand and suggested an expedient or *ruse de guerre*, which he thought might entrap the enemy without exposing the lives or their prisoners to further hazard.

By this time, the scene on the smuggler's boat,

which had again put out to sea with Mr. Markley and his son on board, threatened to be of the most tragic character. Ben Hodges, the commander, at his last landing, had contrived to send off a detachment of some four or five of his most bloody minded followers, on pretence of rescuing their comrades now in the hands of the police and on their way to jail. Ben's design herein, was, no doubt, to prevent the murder which he had too much reason to apprehend. Four of the other smugglers, besides Hodges, remained in the boat. Hodges had once been employed on Mr. Markley's estate, and had often experienced the humanity and kindness of his employer. His manner was now gloomy and portentous. If he desired to save the captives, (which is most likely,) he probably felt his inability to do so, and Mr. Markley, who recognized his old acquaintance, looked in vain for any sign of encouragement in the iron visage of the ancient seaman.

"Well, Mr. Markley," said Ben, "am I to understand that your mind is made up not to restore those goods and set my people at liberty?"

"Certainly," answered the magistrate. "One who holds delegated authority for the preservation of the law, should be the last to *break* the law. By negotiating with you, who are in open rebellion against the government, I should prove myself a traitor."

"And do you know the consequences of your refusal?"

"You cannot hurt us except by divine permission," answered Markley.

"We shall hang you and your brat in less than five minutes," said Brinkley, the mate. "Or stay, I think the better plan would be to truss up the boy first, to give you some idea of what hanging is. Wilks, make ready that tackle."

The man to whom this was addressed, obeyed the order with great alacrity by running a rope through a block attached to the mast head. He then made a slip noose in one end of the cord, and stood ready for further orders. At this instant, Ben Hodges, who had been for some moments gazing intently at the merchant vessel lying in the dock, said to his mate:

"The American is about to sail—the cutter too, perhaps. It would be just as well to have our craft in running order. Hoist the jib, and some of you fellows hide yourselves under the tarpaulin; we should never show more hands than seem necessary to work the boat. Keep clear of the cutter; as for the Yankee, I do n't suppose we need to mind *him*."

The merchant vessel, by this time, had weighed anchor, cast off her moorings, and was soon under sail, as it seemed with the intention of running out to sea. The smugglers, to give their little sloop more the appearance of an ordinary lighter or pilot boat, had hid themselves under a canvass, leaving only two or three of their gang, including Hodges, in view; this was done lest the appearance of five or six men in a boat which could easily be worked by two or three, might cause some suspicion of their true character. Little James sat at his father's feet, seeming, in the innocent confidence of childhood, to imagine no possibility of danger, while under parental protection; he even appeared to enjoy his novel situation, and watched the movements of the different vessels with

much interest. The smuggler, with but one small sail set, (the jib) moved lightly over the water. The American, heading seaward at first, tacked gradually and almost imperceptibly, as if by the mere force of the tide, until she seemed to stand almost directly for the smuggler.

"Clear away that mainsail, and have it ready to hoist at a moment's warning," said Ben. "It is best to be provided for flight, let what will happen."

The American, having got within hailing distance, the captain demanded, through a speaking trumpet, if the sloop would pilot him outside of the breakers. Ben, placing his hand to his mouth by way of a trumpet, returned a surly refusal, which seemed not to have reached the merchantman, as the latter still advanced.

"She will be along side of us pretty soon," said Brinkley. "We must knock the prisoners on the head and throw them overboard, or they may give the alarm." So saying, he seized a hand spike, and approached his intended victims.

"Idiot!" shouted Ben, "would you murder within full view of the people in the ship? Before you could get it done, she will be right on our quarter."

Brinkley paused, and at a glance perceived the rationality of Ben's observation; he, however, snatched up the child, and pressing a knife to his throat, told Mr. Markley that should he make the least attempt to attract the notice of the ship's crew, the boy's throat should be cut that instant."

"Save me, father! he will murder me!" shrieked the child, extending his arms to Mr. Markley, who, in that agonizing moment, had no other resource but to endeavor to quiet the boy's apprehensions, for he dreaded that his cries, which might soon be heard on board of the merchantman, would cause Brinkley to execute his threat.

The American was a vessel of prodigious speed. She came on, as the saying is, "with a rush," and had got within fifty yards of the smuggler, when a loud shriek was heard, and a female was seen at the bow of the ship, with her arms stretched over the railing, as if they sought to reach some object over the water.

"We are betrayed!" cried Ben. "It is Markley's daughter!—up mainsail and scud."

The mainsail was soon boomed out to catch the full force of the wind, but, in performing this manœuvre, (the man at the helm leaving his post to assist) the sloop swung lightly around, and presented her broadside to the American. Before the smuggler could regain his position, the ship was almost over him; but Hodges, seizing the tiller, just saved his boat from being run down, which would otherwise have been inevitable. But, as the American swept by, she came in full contact with the projecting boom of the smuggler, and spun the sloop around like a top. Before the villains could recover from their surprise, twenty muskets were seen pointing over the taffrail of the ship, and the stern command of "surrender," convinced the guilty wretches that they had been out-generalled. Rawlings, and the little armed force collected by him, were indeed in the ship, and Catharine also, whose anxiety would not permit her to be absent.

The reader must imagine much of what followed: the pathetic meeting of father and daughter, brother and sister, the congratulations of Markley's friends, and the gratitude of Catherine to the men who had been instrumental in the wonderful preservation of her relatives. Many warm thanks were offered to the American captain, and subsequently, a large sum of money for the part he had taken in the capture of the smuggler's boat; but this proffered compensation he steadfastly and somewhat indignantly refused. Rawlings, however, soon after accepted a reward promptly and unscrupulously—that reward was the hand of

Catharine. The smugglers all suffered the extreme penalty of the law, except Ben Hodges, whose evident anxiety to save the life of his prisoners, procured him a pardon. He joyfully returned to honest labor, declaring that he had followed the perilous and laborious business of smuggling for several years, and found himself poorer and immeasurably less happy than he was before he began it. From that time, the "free trade" languished in Mr. Markley's neighborhood, and the people of the district soon improved in the acuteness of their moral perceptions, so as to estimate their good magistrate as he deserved.

A WINTER CAROL.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

COME hither, sweet maiden! I'll give thee a song,
For the strain thou hast sung unto me;
It was carol'd, but late, in a sleigh-going throng,
At a merry sleigh-ride and a free.
'Twas a bachelor sang it, all cheerful and sober,
Who, blending life's autumn with spring,
'Twixt the smiles of May-day, and the sighs of October,
Thus quaintly adventur'd to sing:

"Ho! here is old Winter—old grey bearded Winter—
His dreary cold nights and his days—
And his hunger demands every fagot and splinter,
To keep the huge fire ablaze.
The mill dam is frozen, and stopt the mill's shuttle—
The sail-reefer's fingers are numb—
Loud crumples and crackles the coal in the scuttle,
For chilly King Winter has come.

"He's a blustering, rough, and a rugged old fellow,
And coughs like a porpoise, and blows;—
His cheeks are half red, and his head white and yellow,
And icicles hang from his nose.
His whiskers are frost-work, in fashion, and growing
All heavily down to his chin,
And his long snowy locks from his temples are flowing
O'er icy gaunt shoulders, and thin.

"All hoarse and loud-winded, whenever he wheezes,
It seemeth the rush of a storm;—
When he breathes on the water, it chills and it freezes,
And the fish go below to keep warm.
He sneaks about sly as a rat-catching weazel,
'Mong chilblains and frost-bitten toes—
Now nipping some painter perhaps at his easel—
Now biting some traveller's nose.

"Of frost is his jacket—of ice is his bonnet,
Bedeck'd with a flake-feather'd plume,
And trembling the snow-bird alighteth upon it,
For fear of the sweep of his broom.

His shaggy bear-leggings hang loosely and ample—
His shoes are of hide and of horn—
And his crooked knees knock when he goes on a trample,
To chill and to freeze the forlorn.

"His looks are grotesque, and his manners unruly,
As a rude hyperborean bear's;—
Men suffer and perish—he takes it all coolly,
Saying gruffly, 'Who cares? who cares?'
He loves desolation, o'er continents stealing,
And blighting the grass in his path—
The dews and the fountains remorseless congealing,
Wherever he strides in his wrath.

"He's surly and wanton, and void of all pity,—
Compelling the heart-gushing tear,
In household, in hamlet, in village, and city,—
Then freezing it crystal and clear.
He trieth the humble with want and with sorrowing—
Hardens the hearts of the proud—
The life of delight from the beautiful borrowing,
And robbing the bow from the cloud.

"He's a sorry old churl, but as short-liv'd as cruel;
Though freezing whatever he can,
Yet the God of the Seasons has made him a jewel,
To wear in the bosom of man.
He cometh in dreariness, keen, bleak, and hoary,
And blusters, and freezes, and blows;
But life has its spots, where, 'mid comfort and glory,
He dares not intrude his cold nose!"

Thus sang the sleigh-rider, all cheerful and sober,
Whose autumn was blended with spring,
'Twixt the smiles of May-day and the sighs of October,
On fancy's and sentiment's wing.
And his merry, good comrades, together, in chorus,
Uniting, the singer would cheer:
"A fig for old Winter! with spring-time before us,
We heed not his crazy career!"

LILIAN MORE; OR THE BLIGHTED BUD.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

"Poor Lily!" said, or rather sighed, Rachel Blair, as she laid her knitting on the small square table by which she was seated, and walked, for the twentieth time, to the window. She was followed, as she had been each time previous, by her young brother Arthur; and, in a moment, they were joined by the great house dog, which laid his cold nose in her hand, and whined sympathetically, then looked up into her face, as though to assure her that he participated in her anxiety. After gazing, wistfully, for a moment, from the window, against which the chilling sleet was driving furiously, Rachel turned to a little rose-bush that stood beside it, and began loosening the soil around the root; although it was before as mellow as the little stick resting against the rim of the jar, and precisely the right quantity of moisture, could make it.

"It will *blow out* by to-morrow," remarked Arthur, in a low, timid tone, as though afraid of his own voice.

"I suppose it will," said his sister, and then she sighed again.

"It is just like Lily," said the boy.

"Poor Lily!"

"So pale and sweet."

"And so fragile. Just like her."

The boy was evidently anxious to say a comforting word; but he only looked at Rachel, and then at the dog, and then returning to his seat, gazed fixedly into the fire.

Rachel and Arthur were the only children of good old farmer Blair; but there was another who was as a sister to them, and a daughter, a well beloved and affectionate daughter, to their parents. Lilian More was a dear little orphan cousin, who had been for six months only an inmate of her uncle's house; but, in that short space, she had woven herself so closely around their hearts, that sweet Lily's will was the law of the entire household. Lilian was a delicate blossom, a tender flower, more fragile than the pale spring buds she loved so well; and she required the training of a careful hand. She spent the summer in the green fields, and beneath the shady trees, watched over and guarded by her kind cousin Rachel, and the careful Arthur; and when autumn came she went away to the busy city, to spend the winter months with a fashionable aunt; for thus it had been decreed that she should divide her life between her two guardians. Lilian's parting gift to her cousin was a beautiful rose-bush that she had brought with her to the farm house, and that seemed almost identified with herself.

"Take care of it," she said, "till I come back. Aunt Brayton has promised that I shall spend the holidays here, and you must have a rose to give me on New Year's morning—do you hear, coz? A real

rose, with its own sweet smell to it, and not a flower cut out of painted muslin."

Perhaps Lilian forgot her rose-bush, and thought no more of the gift she had asked; but it is certain that Rachel did not. She had never cared for flowers before; for the heart is in a great measure the regulator of the taste; but the remembrance of the absent idol hallowed this rose-bush, and her devotion to it increased, until there mingled with it a deep tinge of superstition. She shielded it from even sun and rain until it began to droop; and then she feared her sweet cousin was in trouble, and wrote a letter of inquiry; but Lilian was in usual health, and even more than usual spirits. The gentle, simple, spiritually lovely girl, who had traversed the green wood, and been delighted with the song of the robin and bob-o-link, now told of the exhilarating dance and midnight music, and seemed to love them. Rachel wept, and wondered if Lily would be ashamed of the old farm-house, and her country cousins, when summer came again; and then she blamed her heart for its distrust and selfishness; and was vexed to find that she could be grieved at any thing which made Lily happy.

As winter approached, Rachel's treatment of the rose-bush was more judicious, and it gradually improved, until, to the delight of the whole family, a tiny bud pressed out from the midst of the green leaves. Oh! how watchfully did Rachel guard that bud! Arthur's eyes glistened with satisfaction as he looked upon it; and even old Carlo, the house-dog, seemed to understand that it was something quite too precious for a dog to appreciate.

As the holidays drew near, old farmer Blair began to make preparations for bringing home the favorite. His sleigh was newly painted; a string of bells and a new buffalo robe were purchased, and his good lady had duly prepared the double yarn mittens and the mufflers, before any one had dreamed of the possibility of a disappointment. Then came a letter saying that Lilian was ill—it was only a slight cold, taken at an evening party, but it would probably detain her until after Christmas. A cloud, during that day and the ensuing one, rested on every thing at the farm-house, and at evening another letter came. Lilian was no better; indeed, she might be worse. She was feverish, and seemed quite unlike her usual self; and poor Mrs. Brayton scarce knew what to do with her, for she begged continually to be taken to her dear old uncle and cousins. The old man shed tears; (he had not wept when Lilian's mother died, although she was his own sister,) and the good dame was sure they ought to go to the child, for a better or more loving one never trod the earth. "Bring her back! be sure you bring her back with you," said Rachel, as she saw her parents seated in the sleigh,

on the Christmas morning that had long been the subject of bright anticipations. "Tell aunt Brayton we will nurse her—oh, so carefully! And I am sure she will get well again."

The old people had been gone almost a week, and it was now the last evening of the year. Sadly did Rachel turn from the window; and strangely tremulous was her voice, as she replied to her brother's encouraging words,—

"No, no, Arthur; they will not come to-night!—Poor Lily!"

Oh, what anxious hearts sought rest in the farmhouse that night! Early in the morning Arthur was astir; for who could sleep when the fate of a loved one was so uncertain? Arthur built a fire and kindled it into a blaze; swept the hearth-stone, and shoveled away the snow that had, during the night, drifted in before the door; and then he went to look at the bud they had watched so carefully, and see if it had opened. The leaves looked stiff and half-transparent, with a delicate tracery of white along their edges; and the poor boy clasped his hands together in silent consternation, while the tears gushed from his eyes and rolled unheeded down his brown cheek. In a moment he was joined by Rachel; but she looked on the ruined treasure calmly, and only sighed, "Poor

Lily!" as she had done the evening previous. Cold water was the only remedy that Arthur could devise; but it was useless. The frozen bud soon drooped, and they knew that the expected flower had perished.

With the blighted rose-bud passed all Rachel's anxiety. She was very sad, but no longer restless; for, as I have before said, her devotion to the flower was tinged with superstition, and she imagined it closely linked with her cousin's destiny. I said *imagined*, and I suppose it is what the world would say; but I know not why the gentle and pure in spirit, and the beautiful in person, may not have their types in birds and flowers, and the other fair frail things to which they seem so closely allied.

Rachel Blair laid the blighted bud away, and told her brother Arthur that she was sure their sweet cousin had gone to heaven to join her sister angels. And so she had. When she was brought back to them, her hands were crossed upon her breast within the coffin; and sorrowfully they laid her down, in the humble churchyard, among the flowers she loved so well while living.

The blighted bud has grown hard and dry; but Rachel still preserves it among her most precious treasures; and the blossoms from the parent tree, which still flourishes, are thrown on Lilian's grave.

SENSATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY THEOPHILUS.

I LOVE to wake upon a summer morn
And view the diamond glittering on the spray,
Or hear the thrush, seated on flow'ry thorn,
Singing glad hymns to welcome in the day;
I love the grassy meadow lately shorn,
And aromatic sweets from new-mown hay;
But better far, than these, I love the swell
That strikes my ear, chiming from Sabbath bell.

I dearly love the fairy feet to trace
Of children sporting on the dewy lawn,
(To see the mother, with a matron grace,
Watching their healthful glee)—as timid fawn;
And yet I love to gaze in beauty's face,
Ah! fondly—sadly—do I look upon—
But better much, and sweeter, 't is to tell,
The notes of music from the Sabbath bell.

And I am pleased, oft in the evening still,
To list to hum of labor-loving bee,
Or the unvarying-note of whip-poor-will,
Or sight of vapors rising from the sea;
In waking morn to hear the warning shrill,
From noisy cock, too, hath a charm for me;
I love all these, but better—better far,
The transient glory of yon shooting star.

O sweet is word of love in maiden's ear—
'T is ever a rapturous, joy-imparting song—
And sweet is music, in the op'ning year,
From gladsome birds—a gay and happy throng.
And have not all rejoiced, sometime, to hear
The voice of friend—unseen—remembered long!
There is a voice and music none can smother,
Which drops from lips of one—the sainted mother.

Music dwells in the wild, rough ocean roar,
When storms are raging on the vasty deep,
Whose bounding waves crash on the sullen shore,
Or raging high, appear the clouds to sweep,
Or battling the hard rock, tall, hanging o'er,
That for their raging fury seems to weep,
And lies upon the beach, untouched and lone,—
The soul of music. 'T is the sea-shell's moan.

And music lives within the sighing wood,
Whose trembling leaves, hard-shaken from the west
By mighty winds, droop o'er the boiling flood,
As if to lull it into blissful rest;
And music-like do sound the voices rude
Of childhood's early days, the first and best,
And soothing is the sound of falling rain,
Of gurgling brooks, wild-hasting to the plain.

O sweet to hear the fond, responsive note,
Of lark to lark, or plaintive, mourning dove,
Or robin tuning oft his mellow throat,
And the kind welcome of the one we love;
Or when, at eve, angelic voices float
From forest fair, to beckon us above,
And music is in sadly-pleasing sigh,
Of parting friends—and in the last "good-bye."

O joy! to wander forth in stilly night,
Through many a meadow drest in vernal green,
Or newly-reaped fields, in summer bright,
Or autumn's riper days of sable sheen,
When Orion's beams, or Luna's paly light,
Are smiling down on th' love-inspiring scene;
Who lives there, but, as wand'ring thus abroad,
Must feel the living presence of his God.

MISTAKES FROM EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

Author of "A New Home," &c.

An old bachelor friend of ours—one of the few, in this steaming age, who can yet find time for quiet chat—sometimes spends a good long evening without any particular object but talk—reminiscences of days long past, or sage reflections on life and character, the fruit of varied experience and strong human sympathy. He has been a great traveller, and has seen specimens of nearly all the races of men; and one of the most amusing of his speculations is the comparison of character among them—coming invariably to the conclusion that whatever the variety of physiognomy, stature, habits, climate or religion, they are all alike in the main. The worst of all this is, that Mr. Stafford's conviction is decidedly adverse to the existence of any virtue in this great human family. He has a sad opinion of them all, though practically he has more personal attachments than any body else. He believes nothing good of the race, though his confidence in individuals is boundless. In vain may one try to reason from the smaller to the greater, and prove that where so many possess the virtues which he is in the habit of ascribing to them, a fair conclusion may be drawn as to the goodness of others. The truth is, his nature is as generous as his philosophy is erroneous; and personal intercourse and kind treatment make him overrate the virtues of those with whom he lives, as some unfortunate associates abroad have given a dark tinge to his impressions of human nature in general.

We never can agree as to this matter; and evening after evening passes, in the vain attempt to reconcile views far as the poles asunder. The last time the subject came up, Mr. Stafford undertook to give me a single instance which, he said, ought to go far towards justifying his opinion of mankind in general. I promised to listen, but not to be convinced; and he proceeded, as follows, with his recital:

"In the village where I was born and bred—a quiet little place, nestled deep among the hills of Vermont—there was a clergyman, one of the most saint-like, in his life and conversation, that I have ever known. His wife was a meek, quiet woman; amiable to a fault, yet not deficient in that power which affection supplies for the performance of duty. If she had been single, she would probably have appeared a weak woman; but with the ever-present aid of her husband's wisdom, and the strong stimulus of the domestic affections, she filled her place in life so well, that no one found fault with her, even in a country village. This excellent couple had only two children, a son and a daughter, and it is of the son that I am about to give you my recollections.

"He was a handsome boy, tall, and elegantly pro-

portioned, and scarcely less delicate in his features and complexion than his sister, who was a year or two older. They were always together, and it seemed as if the benign influence of such a temper as Lucy's must have a power over him for good; yet, from their very school-days, when they trudged along the road together with their satchels, he was her torment; and at home, where an only son is so naturally an idol, even his mother learned to dread the sight of his returning face. His pranks were, in some respects, those which belong to boyhood; but there was ever a touch of malice, selfishness or cruelty about them, and a more expert deceiver never lived. When he played a trick upon the schoolmaster, it was sure to be one that inflicted real injury, either in person or clothing; and the school-fellow who offended him, or refused to join in any of his nefarious schemes, would always find reason to remember that he had made an enemy of Harry Gilmore. To conceal his misconduct, and to make the blame fall on others, required all his art; and his influence over his sister was so unbounded, that he not unfrequently forced her to aid him in subterfuges which her pure heart told her were unjustifiable.

"With all Harry's powers of deception, however, he was not able to blind the eyes of his parents, or any body else, as to his real character. Though it seemed impossible to convict him, in any particular instance, of misconduct, there was yet a general impression of his evil qualities, which made him shunned by all but kindred spirits; and the grief of his father and mother, though silent, was extreme, even to the shortening of life, as I believe—certainly, to the destruction of happiness. His father, after using every means which affection and sound judgment could devise, ceased to attempt the direction of his course; and when, at length, Harry was expelled from his college, before the close of the first year, the good clergyman was stricken with paralysis, and, in a few days, laid in the tomb of his fathers.

"Harry seemed, for the moment, sobered by this event, which followed too close upon his disgrace not to seem at least connected with it. He treated his mother with what appeared real affection; and to Lucy, innocent and trusting as she was, the change wrought in Harry, by her father's death, seemed to mitigate the sense even of that great calamity.

"But this gleam of comfort was short. It very soon became evident that Harry's good conduct was only the prelude to depredations upon Mrs. Gilmore's slender means, and a subtle scheme to get Lucy more than ever in his power. He had professed an attach-

ment to a very beautiful girl, the belle of our village, whose brother had previously engaged Lucy's affections; and upon his visits being discouraged by the father of the young lady, on the score of his character, he so wrought upon his sister that she discarded her lover, and made a solemn promise that she would never again listen to his addresses. I could not recount to you the circumstances of this whole affair. They were the talk of the village, and they are deeply impressed upon my memory; but I will only tell you the tragical close. The young man who was thus disappointed where he had treasured up his heart, perhaps discouraged the more by a knowledge of Harry's character, left the place and sailed for the West Indies. In a few weeks came the intelligence that the ship was lost, with every soul on board; and from that time poor Lucy Gilmore failed and faded like an autumn rose, gradually growing paler and more melancholy till she was laid beside her father.

"You may suppose that even Harry was shocked by this dreadful result of his machinations. If he was, none ever knew it. He showed a decorous grief at his sister's death, and, perhaps, really felt her loss; but it had no effect upon his conduct. He continued to strip his mother of every thing that could minister to his idleness, even until the neighbors became aware that Mrs. Gilmore often suffered for the ordinary comforts. He undertook no business for his own support, but passed his time, while at home, in hunting and fishing—usually sending the produce of his sport to the young ladies of the village, with whom he was ever very desirous of being a favorite.

"All this time he had been carrying on a clandestine correspondence with the girl whose father had first refused his advances. It seemed as if he had the art of imbuing every one, connected with him, with the habit of dissimulation; for this unfortunate girl, blameless in all else, was so completely blinded to duty, prudence, and all that should restrain from evil, as to marry him privately, before even the suspicion of such a step had occurred to her family.

"The marriage was soon discovered, and the young wife was obliged to seek shelter with her mother-in-law. What was endured in that sad household none can tell; for Harry's influence was too powerful to allow any thing to transpire. But that there was suffering of some sort—perhaps of various kinds—the faces of the mother and her young daughter-in-law too surely told. The father was a hard old man, justly indignant at the injury he had received, and unjustly determined to visit all upon his daughter, who was only the easy dupe of a villain. So things went on from bad to worse, until Harry suddenly disappeared, leaving his mother and his wife to all the horrors of poverty. They made the best of their wretched situation—perhaps rather relieved of a burthen than deprived of a protector—and contrived, by the aid of a small school, and such needle-work as could be had, to support life and to maintain a decent appearance; while they tried to persuade the neighbors—and perhaps themselves, too—that Harry had gone away determined to find some business which should render their exertions unnecessary.

"The truth was, though I did not know it until long afterwards, that Harry had been soon tired of his too easy conquest, and had shewn his wife the most

cutting neglect for some time before he left her. He had lived upon his mother's small means until acre after acre was gone, and even the household furniture, piece by piece, had been sacrificed to his determined self-indulgence. Finding his wife's father inexorable, and seeing that the penury to which he had reduced his family, admitted of no further exaction, he set out to try the world at large, but without the smallest idea of making any exertion towards an honest livelihood, or the most remote intention of returning to the relief of those he had injured. They, poor souls! toiled on, meekly enduring their hard fate, and trying to excuse the scoundrel who had brought them to it, while the old father, almost as bad as he, hardened his heart against the poor girl, and saw her and her baby suffering for the ordinary comforts of life, without a relenting feeling. Happily the poor little one soon died, adding one more to the list of Harry's victims.

"Much of what I am now telling you I learned long afterwards, for I was travelling abroad, and had not seen Harry Gilmore since we were boys together. I knew of his marriage, and the anger of his wife's father; and my friends had written me something of his misconduct, and, at last, of his sudden disappearance. After travelling on the continent, for a year or two, I went to England, and there, at the house of an American friend, I was most disagreeably surprised to meet Harry Gilmore—handsome, well-dressed and exceedingly well received in a highly respectable circle. Nobody danced so well, and no one was in higher favor with the ladies. He seemed quite at home in England, while I was as much a stranger.

"You may be surprised that I did not at once, unmask my unworthy townsman; but you must bear in mind what I have already mentioned, that the particulars of Harry's career were then unknown to me. My general impression was unfavorable; and I had such an instinctive dislike to him, founded upon early recollections, that I did all in my power to avoid him. But fate, or perhaps his own manœuvres, threw him, constantly, in my path; and so plausible was his address, and so elegant his manners, that I was insensibly drawn into a closer companionship with him than I could have believed possible, on our first meeting. He had no ostensible occupation, and I was at the time a complete idler, and in poor health, and so found his society only too agreeable.

"We had been playing billiards at a new table in the Quadrant, Regent street, when Harry proposed that we should go and dine at the Restaurant, in Leicester square, *à la Française*, to which I did not object. Over our wine he asked me whether I had ever seen one of the gaming-houses at the West End. I said no, and he offered to try whether he could not get into one in St. James' street. I assented, and after our coffee, we set out. I had taken wine enough to exhilarate without confusing me, and my curiosity, with regard to these 'hells,' had often been excited before, so that I was much pleased with the idea of piercing these forbidden haunts. Yet, I confess, when Harry applied for admittance—when the door was partially and carefully opened—and when it was evident that, at sight of my companion, the door-keeper had no scruples as to taking down the chain—

my heart began bumping, most unusually, and I wished myself any where else. Harry was evidently well-known there, and at a cooler moment the duplicity he had practised upon me, would have excited my indignation. But the scene was too intensely interesting, at the time, to allow a thought for any thing else. I passed under a close scrutiny, from the Cerberus of the establishment, whose experienced eye detected the novice, and who willingly allowed me to pass, as a fresh pigeon, from whose breast might come, at least, some down for this nest of vice. Harry led the way to an apartment where they were playing hazard; he commenced playing, at once, and endeavored to induce me to join him. I declined. He played on, and had soon lost what money he had brought with him. I lent him a few sovereigns, they went also. I found my amusement in watching the faces of the players, and so vividly were the various passions depicted in them, that, even at this distant day, I can recall every countenance with its changes of expression.

"Finding me determined not to play, Harry gave over, after borrowing all the gold I had about me, and we found ourselves again in the street. I cannot express to you my sensations on once more breathing the fresh unpolluted air of evening. I fairly ran and leaped with the sense of relief; and, in the excitement of my spirits, gave my companion abundance of good counsel against ever trusting himself in such a place again. He heard me quietly, and no doubt laughed, as quietly, at my simplicity.

"The next time I saw him he returned me the money I had lent him, showing me at the same time a rouleau which he said he had won since, and was now going to double it at *Rouge et Noir*. We had again dined together, and, strange as it may seem, his persuasions again induced me to accompany him, to see the new and *infallible* mode by which he was to storm the fortresses of fortune. He threw once or twice and lost; I, feeling that the gold pieces which he had returned to me, were just so much more than I expected to have possessed, put down a couple of them on *Rouge*—, my *first* stake—and won. I staked the whole next time, with the same success. This was enough for me. Harry was losing, and I wished to withdraw, but as he had lost on *Noir* he would try on *my* color for a change of luck. Meanwhile my attention was attracted by another player—the wreck of a very handsome man—once (as I afterwards learned,) a Major in the army, but now reduced to the condition of a regular gambler. He had lost, and, as it appeared, his *last* stake. With an imprecation, he broke in two the small rake with which the stakes are drawn together, and dashed it across the room—applying to the dealer for a small loan, which was refused. I caught his eye, and with a rake pushed over to him the stake I had just won—five times larger than the loan he had been refused. He stared with astonishment, but did not hesitate to appropriate the money, staking piece by piece until that too was gone, and I actually saw him, when he supposed himself unobserved, filch a 'rascal counter' from the pile which Harry had been accumulating since he threw on *Rouge*. So much for the degradation brought on by gambling; a point to which I have no doubt it was Harry's deliberate intention to have lured me, if I had

not been providentially called from London just at that time. The spell was broken, and I never played afterwards.

"Two years elapsed before I saw Gilmore again. It was in Paris, and I was turning into the Palais Royal, from the Rue St. Honoré when I met him with a very pretty girl hanging on his arm. He was dressed very fashionably, and looked handsomer than ever. He gave me his card, in passing, and invited me to call on him. This I was not disposed to do; but it was only a day or two before we met again, and he insisted upon my dining with him at his lodgings. He was with an English lady, who lived in the Allée des Veuves, Champs Elysées; a lady who, having but a small income, took two or three boarders to eke it out. The pretty girl, with whom he was walking, was the daughter of this lady, and a sweeter or more innocent creature I never saw. She and her mother (who was a well-bred and amiable woman) evidently placed the greatest confidence in Harry, and I soon saw that he stood where he should not in in the affections of the daughter. If this had been less clear to me, Gilmore would soon have given me all requisite information; for the first time he was warmed with wine he made me his confidant, telling me that this charming girl loved him to distraction, and that her mother looked favorably upon his suit. He added that he had mentioned something to Mrs S—, the mother, of my knowing his connexions in America, and that he hoped I would not refuse to speak a good word for him, as I was pretty well known to several families then resident in Paris.

"I heard him out, although it was with difficulty. When he had done, I told him just what I thought of him, and what I meant to do in the premises. Words ran high; he defied me, and laughed at my threats. We were in the street, and just at the shooting gallery, into which I turned. There was no one there. I walked to the front of the target, the *garçon* handed me a pistol, thinking we were about to practice. I looked at Harry—he was deathly pale, and his quivering lip betrayed his agitation. 'Take my advice,' said I. 'You know I have no wish to expose you. Leave Paris, without delaying longer than to get your passports, and I will make the best excuse I can for your disappearance. But I declare to you that, sooner than you should perpetrate the crime you meditate, I will serve you as I now serve that image—' and I pointed to a small plaster cast of Napoleon, placed, as a mark, in the centre of the target. I raised my arm—pulled,—and shivered the figure to atoms. It was a lucky shot. Gilmore paused—he looked at me, and read my unalterable determination in my face. We left the gallery, in silence, and that night I had him sleeping at my hotel, with his place booked for Havre on the next morning.

"His desertion cost Miss S— a fit of sickness, and I know not what of unhappiness beside. I revealed only so much of Harry's true character as might serve to put her and her mother on their guard for the future. I did not wish to destroy him, and I was even at that time ignorant of all his guilt. I lost sight of him from that time, but when I returned to my native place, after many years' absence, I learned the consistent close of his career. He heard that his wife's

father had, on his death-bed, repented of his harshness, and fully believing that Gilmore would never return, had left the unhappy daughter her natural share of his property. Upon this, Harry lost no time in turning his face homeward, determined not to let this unexpected prosperity escape him. He wrote to his wife and to his mother, one of those artful epistles, so well adapted to 'make the worse appear the better reason;' glozing over his misdeeds, and expressing such delight at being able, once more, to rejoin those from whom his heart had never been separated, that those good women were melted to tears, and longed to welcome the repentant wanderer. But, most happily, Providence interposed in their behalf; for Gilmore, being in too great haste to wait for the regular conveyance, hired a horse at the nearest town, and riding at a dashing pace down hill, fell and broke his neck, just in time to prevent the second and hopeless ruin

of his wife and mother. Now what do you think of such a specimen of human nature?"

"Black enough, indeed," I replied, "but not at all to your purpose."

"Not to my purpose! What would you have?"

"Why, you have told me of one degraded wretch, and half a dozen excellent people! How does your theory dispose of the good clergyman and his wife,—poor Lucy and her faithful lover—the patient wife—the amiable Mrs. S—— and her too deserving daughter, and yourself, with all your benevolent indignation? Instead of ten righteous to save a multitude of sinners, here is but one sinner to a host of good people. You must acknowledge, that even the extreme case you have selected tells against you."

Mr. Stafford looked at his watch, and declared, in the same breath, that it was eleven o'clock, and that I was incorrigible.

OBJECTS WHICH INFLUENCE THE AMBITIOUS NATURE.

IN A SERIES OF SONNETS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Author of "The Yemassee," "Richard Hurdle," &c.

I. TROPHIES.—HOW PLANTED.

THE trophies which shine out for eager eyes,
In youth's first hour of progress, and delude,
With promise dearest to ambition's mood,
Lie not within life's limits; but arise,
Beyond the realm of sunset;—phantoms bright,
Glowing above the tomb; having their roots
Ever in the worshipper's heart;—from whence
their fruits,
And all that thence grows precious to man's sight!
Thence, too, their power to lure from beaten ways
That Love has set with flowers; and thence the spell,
'Gainst which the blood denied may ne'er rebel,
That leads to sleepless nights and toilsome days,
And sacrifice of all those human joys,
That, to the ambitious nature, seem but toys.

II. WHERE PLANTED.

It is the error of the impatient heart
To hope th' undying gifts, even while the strife
Is worst;—and, struggling 'gainst its mortal part,
The glorious Genius, laboring still for life,
Springs even from death to birth! 'Tis from his tomb
The amaranth rises which must wreath his brow,
And crown his memory with unfading bloom!—
Rooted in best affections, it will grow,
Though water'd by sad tears, and watched by pride
Made humble in rejection! Love denied,
Shall tend it through all seasons, and shall give
Her never failing tenderness,—though still
Be the proud spirit; and the unyielding will,
That, through the mortal, made the immortal live!

III. TRIUMPH.

The grave but ends the struggle! Follows then
The triumph, which, superior to the doom,
Grows loveliest, and looks best, to mortal men,
Purple, in beauty, towering o'er the tomb!
Oh! with the stoppage of the impulsive tide
That vexed the impatient heart with needful
strife,
The soul that is Hope's living, leaps to life,
And shakes her fragrant plumage far and wide!
Eyes follow, then, in worship, which but late,
Frown'd in defiance;—and the timorous herd,
That sleekly waited for another's word,
Grow bold, at last, to bring,—obeying Fate,—
The tribute of their praise, but late denied,—
Tribute of homage, which might well be—hate!

IV. GLORY AND ENDURING FAME.

Thus Glory has her being! Thus she stands,
Star-crown'd,—a high divinity of wo:
Her temples fill, her columns crown all lands,
Where lofty attribute is known below.
For her the smokes ascend, the waters flow,
The grave forgoes his prey, the soul goes free;
The grey rock gives out music,—hearthstones grow
To temples at her word—her footprints see,
On ruins, that are thus made holiest shrines,
Where Love may win devotion, and the heart,
That with the fire of Genius inly pines,
May find the guidance of a kindred art—
And from the branch of that eternal tree
Pluck fruits at once of death and immortality!

CHARITY REWARDED.

BY E. FERRETT.

"Poor children!" exclaimed the miller's kind-hearted wife, as she stood looking from her cottage window at a group which had a few moments before attracted her attention. It consisted of a boy and a girl quite young, and a girl somewhat older, who seemed to be soothing and caressing the younger children.

"Poor children; whose can they be, and where can they come from? They look tired and worn out, and in bad condition—can they have a mother like my little ones? No! no! if they had, they would not be wanderers and wayfarers, which they certainly are."

Kind thoughts, in the mind of Mrs. Russell, were but the prompters to kind actions; and in a few minutes she was with the children, making inquiries as to who they were, and why they had left their home.

Their history was briefly told; they had been raised in one of the manufacturing districts—their father had made a little money, and having a taste for country life, and some friends in Scotland, he had taken a farm among the highlands, which are proverbial for the moisture and bleakness of their atmosphere. The family had been used to a dry and temperate climate, and sickness followed their change of residence—mother, father, children and all, had suffered from ague or intermittent fever. Their father, on his recovery, determining to remove them, had started to seek employment in his old quarters; in a few weeks he had written to inform them of his success, desiring them to follow him immediately—soon after their father's departure, their mother had got worse, and a few days before his letter, she had died, leaving her children desolate and wretched, as orphans must ever be. The eldest girl had exerted herself to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to her lamented mother. By disposing of their trifling effects, she had defrayed the funeral expenses, and with the small sum left, had determined to take her brother and sister to where her father was employed.

They had started with the idea of riding in wagons, getting a lift for charity, or a trifling remuneration; and by these means had traveled a considerable distance, when one night, while asleep in a wagon, they had been robbed of their little money and changes of apparel, and left absolutely destitute, with many, many miles between them and their point of destination.

This sad tale, told with touching innocence and truthfulness, awakened Mrs. Russell's warmest sympathy. She took them into her cottage, gave them food, and comforted them with a mother's kindness. She told them that a few miles in advance was a town, from whence they could proceed by wagon to the city in which their father worked—at the same time she gave them means to defray their expenses.

After resting an hour, the children, with tears and blessings, took leave of their kind friend, and with refreshed limbs and lightened hearts, continued their journey.

Do we ever ask ourselves how often we neglect those opportunities of doing good that come within the scope of our various capabilities? We are all prone to become absorbed in self;—the vortex of the world and worldliness sucks us in, and we often turn deaf ears to a tale of distress from sheer inanity—from incapacity to release our minds from the thralldom in which we are bound by our own struggle for means, or else by the intoxication of the spirit, consequent upon a life of uninterrupted pleasure. Could the beautiful doctrine of to "do unto others as we would be done unto," be more deeply impressed upon our minds, and kept prominently before us, many a poor mendicant would get bread where he now gets a stone,—many a half-broken heart would receive comfort and kindness, where it now meets with indifference or contempt.

Our little friends travelled on sturdily for some time—their way lightened by recollections of the kind words of Mrs. Russell, and bright anticipations of speedily meeting their remaining parent—but little feet soon get tired of rough roads, and young minds soon weary of the monotony of a long journey. After an hour's travel, the younger children complained of fatigue, and coming to a hay-stack, laid themselves down under its shelter, and were soon asleep, watched by their elder sister, who had assumed the feelings of a mother toward her almost helpless charge.

While the poor girl kept her vigil, which was rendered longer by many a sad thought and falling tear, as she dwelt over past scenes and her recent loss, she was aroused by voices which seemed to come from the opposite side of the hay-stack.

"I tell thee, Jim," impatiently exclaimed one of the voices, "there is no doubt nor danger; and by one bold stroke, we can make ourselves rich for a twelvemonth."

"But," answered a more cautious and hesitating tone, "the miller is an ugly customer—strong enough to whip two such fellows as we—and suppose he should get the upper hand of us, what's to be done then?"

"Pooh! how can he get the best of us, when we can knock him down before he thinks about it?—besides, it is not always the biggest man that's the most dangerous in a scuffle."

"Art sure of the money Tom? 'twould be deuced unpleasant to have all the danger and trouble for nothing."

Tom, muttering a curse upon the over cautious disposition of his companion, answered,

"I tell thee I saw Farmer Jones, and Squire Wil-

kinson, pay Russell big rolls of notes, and when it was settled, go to the bar to drink; Russell likes a glass too well to leave before sun-down, and when he does get away, I guess he'll be pretty well sprung; up yonder by the cross roads we can hide ourselves, and just as he passes I'll give him a lick in the head with this big stick, that shall make all the rest easy, now say, are you willing, or must I find a fellow with more pluck?"

The latter part of this speech was uttered in a sneering tone, and the other speaker seeming to have a greater dread of being thought a coward than of committing a crime, answered, "Tom, thee knows I am not afraid; I'll go with thee, but, mind I won't agree to the man's being hurt; he can afford to lose his money, but we mus'n't do him any other injury."

A rustling of the loose sticks, showed that the speakers, after settling their villainous purpose, had moved away.

The young girl, whom they had unconsciously made their confidant, sat for several minutes in a state of agitation past description; she knew that the conversation to which she had listened applied to the husband of her kind benefactress; he was to be waylaid, robbed, and perhaps murdered; she knew this, and yet might be unable to avert his fate. For a few moments she bent her head upon her hands, with a feeling of choking bewilderment that threatened to render her perfectly helpless; but she had been taught in the purifying school of misfortune, and after giving way to fear for a minute or two, the natural energy of her character displayed itself, and she determined to make an effort to save her kind friend from the impending sorrow.

Speedily arousing her brother and sister, she told them that they must retrace their steps, and urged them to speed. The children, not having their sister's impetus, and wondering why they should go back instead of forward, made slow progress, and long before they could reach the miller's, the sun was rapidly declining. The girl's anxiety increased as the light of day grew faint, and she looked anxiously about for some place of safety, wherein she might leave her little charge. Presently she saw at a short distance from the high road, a comfortable looking barn, thither she conducted the children, and after much difficulty and coaxing, persuaded them to remain there while she went to procure something necessary for their journey. No sooner was she in the road again, than she sped on rapidly, urged by her anxious spirit to forget fatigue in her intense desire to reach the mill.

Great as her efforts were, her progress was slow; the road was hilly and uneven, and although the intensity with which her mind was bent on one purpose, prevented her from *feeling* fatigue, her many day's toil and travel had the physical effect of lessening her speed in spite of herself.

How long and tedious was the path trodden by this warm hearted girl, can only be conceived by those who have, under similar circumstances, urged their way over a rugged and unequal road. The sun was just sinking below the horizon as she got a glimpse of the large sails of the mill. The sight infused fresh strength into her weary limbs, and in a very few minutes she was eagerly knocking at the door of Mrs. Russell's neat little cottage. That good lady opened

the door, and with an exclamation of surprise, kindly enquired what had caused her to return. In broken sentences, interrupted from want of breath, the poor girl related what she had heard, and urged the necessity of speedy assistance being sent to the miller. It was now Mrs. Russell's turn to be alarmed; she could not doubt the truth of the story; the particulars were evidently too true, and giving a warm kiss and hearty thanks to her young friend, she hastily called some of the men who worked at the mill, and mentioning the danger, directed two of them to saddle horses for themselves and her forthwith. One of the men took the poor girl before him, and the party speedily rode away in the direction that the miller was expected to come.

Rapidly as the horses traversed the distance between the miller's cottage and the point of road at which the robbery was to be committed, night had set in before they reached it.

Mr. Russell's character was truly drawn by the ruffian—millers are proverbially jolly, and Russell was a fair sample of the class. He was well to do, and having no trouble, his naturally happy disposition kept him on friendly terms with all mankind. If there was any fault to find with him, it was, that when among friends his natural hilarity led him to take a little more drink than prudence warranted. In the present instance he had made some very capital sales for which he had received cash, and could not be satisfied without treating his friends. One glass had produced another, and it was sun down before he had started, although he was generally home by that time.

Riding at a smart pace, without a thought of danger, the miller reached the ambushade. He would have fallen an easy prey to his enemies, had not his horse, who caught a glimpse of the figure of the man that advanced from the hedge, swerved from his course, so that the blow which was intended for his head, glanced and only lightly and partially fell upon his shoulder. The miller proved as sturdy as the cautious robber had anticipated. He faced his opponents, and a desperate struggle ensued, but two to one are serious odds, and while engaged with one of his antagonists, he received a blow from behind, which brought him to the ground. One of his foes held him tightly, kneeling his weight upon the miller's chest, while the other proceeded to rifle his pockets. In this they met with some delay, for Russell had stowed his money in a secret pocket, that the rogues could not at first discover. An exclamation of joy, accompanied by an oath, escaping the lips of the heretofore silent thieves, announced that they had found the money and forgotten their caution. So eager had they been in the search, that the sense of hearing had been lost in the intense exercise of their other faculties, and they were unconscious of the tramp of horses, until just as the ill-gotten wealth was clutched, a heavy blow on the head prostrated one thief, while as the other sprang up to decamp, he was seized by a strong hand, from which all efforts to escape were fruitless, and speedily secured.

Russell, on recovering his consciousness, found his head resting upon the bosom of his wife, and wonderingly enquired to what lucky chance he owed his fortunate delivery. Learning to whom he was indebted for his rescue, the miller warmly expressed his thanks, and with his wife insisted that the girl, and her brother,

and sister, should return to the mill. The whole party were soon in motion, the thieves were tied together and brought along by the miller's men, while Russell and his wife proceeding more rapidly, called at the barn for the children, who had cried themselves to sleep, nestled in each others arms. They were speedily taken to the miller's residence, where every comfort that the place afforded was profusely heaped upon them. Food, a good bed, and change of clothing; and after keeping them a couple of days to recruit, Russell took them in his wagon to the neighboring town, and then paid their fare by stage to the town where their father lived. Then giving the elder girl

some money to buy food, and once more thanking her warmly, he left them to proceed on their journey, while the three children uttered many a heartfelt expression of gratitude to the miller and his good-natured wife.

Thus the humblest, and apparently most insignificant act of our lives, is often connected by an invisible link with important events, upon which may hinge the future happiness or misery of our earthly career; and thus it often happens that some trifling act of kindness is repaid to the giver an hundred fold, independent of that lasting satisfaction which ever attends the exercise of charitable feelings.

THE BLUE KNIGHT.

A CONCENTRATED ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.—AN ARRIVAL.

On the summit of the loftiest tower of the castle of Altenburg gaily flaunted in the evening breeze the flag of the redoubtable and right valiant Baron Ulric. His only daughter, the incomparably beautiful Elvina, was the sole object of his love and fear: her filial tenderness was the cause of the first; her wit and beauty, of the latter; for, as the fairest flowers attract the bees, and the dazzling flame the moth, so did he dread lest some adventurous and unworthy knight might be attracted by the charms, and win the affections of his child. The Baroness of his early love had long since yielded to the arms of Death, and the barrenness of his domains was alone left for his enjoyment. Secluded from the world, the Baron trusted that his daughter would remain unscathed by the random arrows of love, until he could select some stalwart knight of wealth and valor on whom he should be proud to bestow her hand.

Compelled to take the field to repel the invasion of an enemy of one of his distant allies, he left the castle of Altenburg in the care and custody of his warder, and two or three vassals.

The moon had just risen, and the inmates of the castle had retired for the night, when a Knight, attended by his faithful esquire, approached the borders of the castle-moat.

"Seest thou that moat?" inquired the Knight.

"Ay, truly, your worship," replied the esquire; "for do not the wise ones say that we sooner see the mote in our neighbor's eye than the beam in our own?"

"We must crave a lodging there, Grummel," continued the Knight; "blow me yonder horn."

"With what breath I have," said Grummel; "for I'm blown myself, as well as the steeds, with our long journey."

The horn was sounded, and the warder appeared at the wicket.

"In the name of St. Grimbald," cried Grummel, "give shelter to the valiant Knight, Sir Wilhelm of Dusseldorf, and his trusty esquire."

"The Baron Altenberg is abroad," said the warder, in an excusatory tone.

"And so are we," replied Grummel; "for we have lost our way."

"Tarry awhile," answered the warder, after a moment's consideration, and, closing the wicket, departed.

"A discourteous knave!" grumbled Grummel, "keeping us here like a couple of dogs."

"How, sirrah?"

"Why, did he not bid us tarry here? and therefore are we not in better condition than a couple of *tarriers*."

"We cannot bite, and therefore bark not," answered the Knight.

The warder again made his appearance; the drawbridge was lowered, and the Knight and his esquire crossed the moat.

"The lady Elvina welcomes the stranger Knight to her father's castle," said the warder, obligingly.

"I kiss her hands," replied the Knight, "and thank her for her courtesy."

Anon they were ushered into a spacious hall; and, while they unarmed, the board was spread with substantial fare for their refectation.

"I am anxious to pay my respects to the lady," said the Knight.

"And I to the *fare*," replied Grummel, vigorously attacking a boar's head.

"She is not visible, Sir Knight," said the warder.

"Then it's impossible we can see her," said Grummel, falling to. "She is doubtless a *morning* star, your worship?"

"What then?"

"Why then, your worship, the *Knight* cannot expect her presence."

CHAPTER II.—AN ENGAGEMENT, BOTH IN LOVE AND WAR.

At an early hour the following morning, Grummel, having dressed his master in a superb blue velvet doublet and suit, proceeded to the kitchen to dress his breakfast. Sir Wilhelm, meanwhile, descended to the castle garden, where he encountered the blushing Elvina.

After the due acknowledgement of her hospitality, the Knight, who was, of course, deeply enamored at the first glance by her transcendent charms, began to make a little love on his own account. The innocent Elvina listened with pleasure to the silver music of his sweet discourse and courtly compliments, for he had been to court, and now had come to court again. And in a few minutes, after the fashion of those romantic times, she surrendered the fortress of her affections. She did not, indeed, "tell her love," but referred him to her father with such an expressive blush as gave him confidence. At this present juncture, the old warder rushed breathlessly into the garden, and interrupted their placid felicity by hurriedly informing them that a petty Baron, with whom his lord was at feud, had just appeared before the castle with a force of one hundred and fifty strong, and demanded the immediate surrender, threatening to put the whole garrison to the sword if they resisted.

"Oh! Sir Knight," exclaimed he, "repay our hospitality by thy succor and counsel in this extremity. What's to be done?"

"Arm instantly, and let us defend the castle to the death," replied the brave Sir Wilhelm. "Lady, retire to thy chamber; put up thy prayer for our success, and Heaven and St. Grimbald help us!"

Hastily quitting Elvina, he retired to arm. Grummel was still in the kitchen, preparing his morning repast.

"Away with these rashers," exclaimed the esquire, on hearing the news, "there is a less savoury broil preparing for us by the enemy. We are in a pickle, 't is true; but small as we are, as the capsicums said to the cauliflower, they shall find us hot withal, and not at all to their palate."

"If they ford the moat, and scale the walls, we are lost," said one of the three vassals.

"Tut, man!" exclaimed Grummel, who was an old soldier, and knew all the resources of war, "fill the kettles presently with pitch, and hand me the ladle; and, long ere they reach the parapet, I'll—pitch 'em over."

"There's the horn again," cried the warder, "summoning us to surrender."

"What o' that?" said Grummel, encouragingly: "we're not *veal*, to be spoiled by their *blowing*. Pluck up thy courage, my boy, and lend me a bow;—an I do not put a cloth-yard shaft into the varlet, and pin him like a cockchafer to the gate, I'm a ninny!"

While he kept talking in this strain, he armed himself and his master.

The "garrison" was soon in battle array. Grummel now proceeded to his post with two of the vassals, and proved his skill and strength by executing his vaunt; for, at the identical moment the herald was

about to blow another blast, he shot an arrow through his heart, and transfixing him to the spot.

"If all the rest run," said he, coolly, "there is no chance of that fellow quitting his *post*! Nailed, by St. Grimbald! There is no succor for him, poor fellow! May all the rest of the wounded find *leeches* in the moat."

This exploit was the signal of assault, and a shower of arrows fell upon the castle.

"Let the porcupine shoot his quills at the boar!" said Grummel, "he is only throwing away his means of defence! Hand me that pebble," continued he, pointing to a stone of half a hundred weight. It was soon raised, and hurled by one of their warlike machines into the thickest of their foes. "That has made an impression," cried he; "it is quite a smasher; there's half-a-dozen, at least, *stone* dead. Another little one," said he; "we shan't miss that, though it should miss them. Besides, it will be as well, as they have challenged us, to show them we have a *second*."

While Grummel was thus ably executing his part, the Blue Knight (for so was Sir Wilhelm called, from the favorite color of his armor and appurtenances) directed his little force with equal skill, dexterity, and advantage. The engagement now began to assume a more serious appearance; the enemy began to fill the moat, in order to proceed to the *escalade*. The little garrison was now concentrated. The boiling pitch and water were supplied by two of the vassals; and the besieging party had no sooner succeeded in raising a scaling-ladder, and begun to mount, than they were saluted by a cataract-like discharge of scalding water.

"'T is but a fair return," said Grummel, "as they keep us in suspense, that we should keep them in hot water! Down with it, my comrades, till they're done in their armor like lobsters in their shells! Another pebble! What! no more? Then up with the flags from the court-yard, and break their ladder—they're the only *flags* we'll lower to them."

These new missiles were speedily provided, and did great execution; the ladder was dashed to fragments, and numbers of the assailants were precipitated headlong into the moat. The Blue Knight was unwearied in his exertions, and encouraged his little force by his daring example.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Grummel; "we have *wetted* the enemy's courage, and sharpened our own."

The discomfited leader now retreated, and rallied together his "remnant."

"By George!" exclaimed the 'squire, "they are forming for a fresh assault. We have so far lost nothing, and yet, in the language of the lawyers, they may be said to have gained the 'action,' for they have already got considerable 'damages.'"

"And see yonder!" cried the warder, extending his right arm, "there comes my liege lord. I recognise his banner. What a happy diversion!"

"Very diverting, indeed!" replied Grummel; "mark how the scamps are making ready to scamper. The bow-men are all like cross-bows, prepared for a *bolt*!"

The Baron Ulric von Altenburg, now galloped to the scene of action with all his band. The besiegers were in an instant scattered over the plain, like a flight of affrighted sparrows in a corn-field, when some ad-

venturous Cockney boldly takes the field to—waste his powder.

"Wheugh!" whistled the 'squire, "that fellow hath truly brought his pigs to a fine market! While the Baron is picking the lot, let us descend and clear away the litter he has left."

The warder lowered the drawbridge, and the Blue Knight sallied forth with the "garrison" to pick up the wounded which they had so dexterously picked off. The moat was so full that Grummel declared it was more like a folk-mote than any thing else. When they had got in the "living," which the 'squire declared was no "sinecure," the gentle Elvina, as was the wont of those days, humanely busied herself in dressing their wounds.

They then proceeded to draw the moat, and fished up many a *pike*!

The trumpets of the victorious Baron now sounded merrily, and they all rushed out to greet him. Ulric and the Blue Knight embraced with true chivalric ardor; and, when the Baron learned from the blushing Elvina the extent of his obligation to Sir Wilhelm, the expressions of his gratitude were unbounded.

CHAPTER III.—A REMARK.

"Fool that I was to leave my castle alone!" said the Baron.

"And wise would the enemy have been if they had done so!" said Grummel.

CHAPTER IV.—A CLOUDY PROSPECT.

"I'm bound to serve you," said the Missal to the Monk, as he clasped it; and so said the bold Baron Altenberg when he encountered the Blue Knight on the morning following the affray. Grummel, like an independent man, was serving himself; for chine, chickens, and flowing flagons graced the baronial board in the most tempting profusion.

"Left wing forward!" exclaimed the 'squire, dismembering a pullet; "right wing advance! chine support right wing! Fall in!" and at the word of command he commenced a vigorous assault. He then proceeded to demolish the "breast-work," as he termed it, and finally completed his gastronomico-military evolutions by ordering the "left leg first," when the "right" followed as a matter of course.

Meanwhile the Blue Knight was doing the agreeable to the old Baron, and insidiously insinuating that he was a *single* man; and plainly demonstrated that he was an eligible match for any young lady who (in the advertising phrase) "Wanted a *partner* who could *command*," &c. &c. The Baron was confused, and, not knowing exactly what to reply, he endeavored to divert the attack by simply looking under the table, and ingeniously calling "Puss! puss!"

"What does he mean?" said the Blue Knight, looking *bluer*.

"He smells a rat, to be sure," whispered the acute Grummel.

CHAPTER V.—COUNSEL.

WHEN they retired, Grummel addressed his master in these words:

"I can tell which way the wind blows, your worship, as well as a weather-cock. It's my mind the Baron wishes to deprive *us* of the Lady Elvina."

"*Us*?" repeated Sir Wilhelm.

"To be sure; when she's your wife, will she not be my mistress?" replied Grummel. "Now, I'm resolved on the match, for thereby you'll get a better half, and I better quarters: two things no less agreeable than essential to our happiness."

"What's to be done?"

"Why, the whole garrison are in favor of the alliance; therefore, pop the question—demand her hand—and, if the old boy holds out——"

"What then?"

"Why, then, filially kick him out! and take possession of the castle we have fairly won by force of arms."

"You forget he is Elvina's sire."

"Will she not get a more agreeable *sigher*—in the shape of a lover? But, lo! here comes the comely dame herself—I'll vanish."

And the sagacious 'squire walked off, leaving the lovers to their own sweet discourse.

CHAPTER VI.—A SUDDEN DECISION.

ALTHOUGH the Blue Knight and Elvina were elegantly *slender* in their personal proportions, the Baron declared in abrupt and vulgar phrase that "they were too *thick*."

"Honored father:" said Elvina, "it is impossible to conceal from your parental eyes that I entertain an affection for Sir Wilhelm, and I know that he returns it."

"So much the better!" replied the Baron; "for it would be dishonorable in him to keep your affections, when he knows he cannot keep you."

"You mistake me, father," continued Elvina. "He has declared himself my suitor, and I have sworn——"

"Sworn!" exclaimed the Baron. "A young lady of your rank has no right to swear. It is indelicate."

"But he swore first."

"Then, i' faith, you two sworn shall be forsworn," said the Baron. "Remember you are my daughter, and I am positive——"

"And I'm positive I'm your daughter," replied Elvina, "from the same feeling; for I have formed an unalterable resolution to become his!"

The Baron looked at the gentle damsel for a moment as in surprise, and then suddenly burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Give me a buss," cried he affectionately; "you are my own child—a chip of the old block!"

The affair was of course decided; the old Baron admired his daughter's firmness; the Blue Knight loved her for her tenderness; and the gordian knot of matrimony was soon after tied in the chapel of the castle of Altenberg. Beauty presented her hand to Valour as the palm of victory; and Grummel had the felicity of being at the marriage-feast celebrated in honor of the nuptials of Elvina and the Blue Knight.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Krutzner; or the German's Tale. By Sophia Harriet Lee. Author of the *Canterbury Tales*. New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

This is one of the best of the *Canterbury Tales*, and is said to be the production of the Miss Lee, who contributed only this one to the collection. The striking character of the incidents, and the intense interest of the story, attracted the attention of Lord Byron, who made it the basis of his best tragedy.

Constance; or the Debutante. By J. H. Mancur. Author of the "*Palais Royal*," "*Henri Quatre*," &c. New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

The author of this tale is already favorably known to the public by his historical novels. *Constance*, although founded on incidents in private life, is not less interesting than any of his previous works, and will commend itself to general favor by the fine delineations of character, and touches of pathos, which are its leading characteristics.

The Charmed Sea. By Miss Harriet Martineau. New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

Miss Martineau's fictions are chiefly remarkable for their domestic character, and for the fine moral tone which always distinguishes them. This is her latest, and one of her very best productions.

Waltham. A Novel. Edited by Leitch Ritchie. Author of the *Robber of the Rhine*. New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

This is a very clever production. The style is remarkably chaste and polished, and the plot and incidents exceedingly well managed. If it is not the work of Leitch Ritchie himself, which we strongly suspect to be the case, it is certainly one of which he might have been proud to acknowledge the authorship.

Cousin Hinton. A Novel. By Miss Ellen Pickering. New York: E. Ferrett and Co. 1846.

Miss Pickering always wrote with an elevated object. To guard the inexperienced from the dangers of life; to defend the oppressed; to humble the pride of the aristocracy, or the insolence of wealth; to portray human character in its stronger passions, or its finer shades of character; and by each of these methods to inculcate the love and practice of virtue, and a thorough detestation of every thing that is base and dishonorable. These were her objects; and her success is universally acknowledged by the remarkable popularity of her works among the reflecting and influencing portion of the reading public. "*Cousin Hinton*" is one of her happiest efforts.

Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo. By Michael Angelo Timarsh. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846.

This is a part of the *Library of Choice Reading*, which has become so extensively popular, and it is one of the most readable and entertaining books in the whole collection. Mr. Thackeray, the author, is an experienced writer, and well known and approved by the reading public. These notes are written in that lively, sparkling

style, which so well suits a book of travels. He describes, by a few master touches, with more effect than more careful writers produce by elaborate pictures. "*The Traveling Letters, Written on the Road*," by Dickens, which form a part of the same Library, are a different vein, but not less entertaining. In that peculiar manner which is called grave banter, Dickens has few equals—scarce any superior.

David Dumps, or the Budget of Blunders. A Tale. By Thomas Haynes Bayly. New York: E. Ferrett & Co. 1846.

As one would naturally expect from its title, this story turns out to be one of the extravaganza sort, lively, piquant, full of fun and oddity. In grouping his characters into the oddest situations, the author rivals his prototype, Theodore Hook.

"Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking. Translated by F. Prande." New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846.

This is one of the volumes of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam's "*Foreign Library*." It is the genuine work of a Catholic missionary, who resided several years in the court of the Chinese Emperor, where he was graciously permitted to exercise his talents in designing and engraving, without pay, for his majesty; and the circumstance of his making and baptizing a few converts, was graciously winked at by the government and the priests. The details of Chinese manners and customs which he gives, are extremely curious and amusing.

The Elves. Translated from the German of Tiecke. By Thomas Carlyle. With other Tales and Sketches. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.

This collection consists of the best of the Edinburgh Tales, so extensively popular in Great Britain. The plan of that work appears to be to solicit contributions of short stories from all the leading novelists of England, and, accordingly, in the volume before us, we have nearly the whole of them, represented by first rate tales, not too long for an annual or Magazine. It is by no means easy to obtain, in any other form, so much capital reading as this pamphlet contains, for the moderate price of two shillings.

The Queen of Denmark. A Historical Novel. By Mrs. Gore. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846.

Mrs. Gore excels in the historical novel. In this volume, and in the "*History of a Royal Favorite*," (i. e. King Charles's lap-dog) she exhibits all her powers of style, and all her immense variety of historical allusion and graceful handling of grave subjects.

"Pickings from the Port Folio of the Reporter of the New Orleans Picayune; with Eight Engravings, from Original Drawings by Darley." Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1846.

The reputation of the writer of this volume as a wit and humorist, is as well deserved as it is extensive. Nothing can excel the raciness of his sketches. Darley never had better subjects for his pencil, and he has fairly outdone himself in the embellishments of this volume.

es,
ore
he
ns,
ent
ier

By
46.
ory
pi-
nto
pe,

s-
6.
n's
lie
he
to
ont
ng
at
of
x-

y
w

rh
un
rt
e-
ne
ag
-
is
l-

s.

e,
g
ad
ul

te
n
&

d
g
d
e